

THE SPEAKER

A Review of Politics, Letters, Science, and the Arts.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE]

[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.]

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It is earnestly requested that where any difficulty is experienced in procuring copies, the fact may be communicated to the Publishers.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE English press has hardly done sufficient justice to M. Grévy, the ex-President of the French Republic, whose death occurred on Tuesday last. The fact that in his later days he was involved in a miserable scandal for the existence of which he was in no sense personally responsible, ought not to blind us to the immense services he rendered to the Republic. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Republic would not now have been in existence, if it had not been for the part played by M. Grévy during his Presidency. His resolute determination that his high office should be subordinated to the Republic as a whole, and that no false glamour should be allowed to attach to the Presidential chair, did more than almost anything else to make the present Republic a reality, and to save it from the dangers to which preceding Republics in France had succumbed.

THE *Times* of Tuesday contained an article on the political—that is, the Unionist—prospects in the West of Scotland, which exhibits a singular hopefulness, considering the patent facts. We do not quarrel with the omission of all reference to 1885. In Scotland we believe the Radical Unionist is a reality, and not a Tory in masquerade; and the Disestablishment agitation no doubt may have introduced new elements of uncertainty. But to obscure the large increase in the Liberal majority at Paisley under such phrases as “the Liberals successfully resisted an attack” and “averted defeat by postponing Home Rule to other matters,” is within measurable distance of a Balmacedist telegram. Hardly better is the dismissal of SIR GEORGE TREVELVAN’S majority of 1,100—that is, 11 per cent. of the whole constituency—and MR. PROVAND’S of nearly ten per cent. at Blackfriars as “not overwhelming;” or the calm assumption that Dunbartonshire is safe, seeing that the Unionists won it in 1886 by a majority of thirty-two on a total poll of 8,166 especially as SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING, who at present represents it, will not stand again. Then the stroke of luck MR. PARKER SMITH had at Partick is hardly likely to happen twice, and the “Labour Party” is hardly likely, unless something unexpected happens, to trouble the West of Scotland much after its defeat in Mid-Lanark in 1888. The Unionist gain of two or four seats in the district which the writer expects is in fact obtained by counting possible successes and ignoring possible failures. The latter quality is admirable in a general, but undesirable in a prophet.

THE speech of MR. BURT, as President of the Trades Union Congress, at Newcastle, on Tuesday, was such an utterance as might have been expected from him. Representing those working men who have found in their own energy, industry, and resourcefulness the best means of improving the condition of their class, MR. BURT naturally held to the principles of his order, and discouraged the idea that the State should be looked to for reforms which are within the reach of the working classes themselves, if they really care to bring them about. But MR. BURT’s sound and sensible views, though held by many of the most intelligent workmen, were not sufficiently advanced for the New Unionists, who insisted upon pressing

forward the question of the Eight Hours Day, and succeeded first, in re-affirming the resolution on the subject which was passed at Liverpool last year; next, in adopting the principle of trade option by a two-thirds majority; finally, on the motion of MR. KERR HARDIE, in declaring the eight hours limit compulsory in all trades except where expressly condemned by a majority vote. It would be interesting to have from some accredited spokesman of the New Unionism an explanation of the way in which it is proposed that a compulsory eight hours day shall be made to work. We should like to know how the consequent increase in the prices of commodities daily consumed by workmen is to be met, and, above all, whether overtime is or is not to be permitted. When these points have been cleared up, we shall be able to discuss the Eight Hours Question more satisfactorily than is possible at present.

THE gross valuation of the City of London has risen, we learn from returns published this week, from £4,627,000 last year to £1,889,000, the rateable value having increased during the same time from £3,822,000 to £4,627,000. For the County of London, the increase in gross value, without taking into account Government property, has been from £38,462,000 to £39,835,000; the rateable value has increased from £31,592,000 to £33,881,766. These are portentous figures, and we shall be surprised if they are not seized upon by the new school of Socialists in order to emphasise their doctrines.

THE returns of alien immigration into the United Kingdom issued by the Board of Trade, and published on Wednesday, show that 4,711 “aliens not stated to be *en route* to America” arrived during August, as against 3,338 during the corresponding period last year, while the total for the eight months ending September 1st is 25,557. Nearly three times as many aliens passed through in the same time *en route* for other countries. As every port which has any steamship traffic with the Continent is included in the returns, except Lynn, Newhaven, Southampton, and some of the Western ports, which are absolutely of no importance as regards the migration of destitute aliens, and as the return must include a multitude of thrifty foreigners—principally German—who are simply visitors or returning from their homes third class, there really seems no particular cause for alarm. But the Association for preventing their immigration will no doubt urge that legislation is imperative. But it is too much mixed up with the puzzle-headed Fair Traders to secure respect for its conclusions.

FORTY years ago collective colonisation based on the “complex co-operation of labour” occupied much attention among economists. The scheme of Jewish migration published yesterday—embodying, it is said, BARON HIRSCH’S plans, though the names of BARON ROTHSCHILD, SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID, M. SALOMON REINACH, and others are associated with his—is by far the largest measure of the kind that has yet been devised. The capital is £2,000,000, and, as in other philanthropic schemes, any profits are to be employed in promoting the objects of the company, which is to drop the word “limited.” The settlements are to be mainly agricultural, and in America, though of course the company is not committed to those details of

BARON HIRSCH's plan which we noticed some time ago. Unfortunately, the younger economists in the United States strongly object to wholesale immigration, while the population of Argentina is excellently adapted for the growth of anti-Semitism. The new scheme, therefore, has great difficulties before it, but it cannot but be watched with interest, and we cordially wish it success. It ought, at any rate, to do something to revive the fortunes of Argentina.

THE Congress of Orientalists which closed this week seems to have covered a field of research second in width and variety only to that of the British Association itself. The spacial boundaries of this field are imperfectly defined; but they include, at any rate, Eastern Polynesia and Western Morocco, while the period dealt with includes the traffic in the seventeenth century B.C., between Egypt and Southern Africa, Bengali and Berber philology; the hagiology of the Jainas and the attitude of the Talmud on the Labour Question, are some of the more recondite subjects treated, while a lively debate has arisen as to the existence of a race of pygmies alleged to have been discovered south of the Atlas mountains. As for Assyriology, the Hittites and ancient Egypt, they appear to have come in merely by way of parenthesis. But then they are more interesting to experts than to the general public. On the more practical and actual side of the subjects that Orientalists are usually supposed to consider, a good deal of importance has been said on the weakness of English business education in Oriental languages and customs no less than in those of modern Europe. Goods destined for the Chinese and Japanese markets have been refused simply because they were packed in paper of an unlucky colour: and a large City firm has offered £2,000 a year for a competent man who can write and speak Chinese, and has not found him. And yet parents complain that there are no openings for their sons. Unfortunately, the Oriental teaching at the Universities does not seem likely to do much, according to some of the speakers, for the practical aspects of the subject. Indeed, its products were referred to in scornful tones as "mere amateurs."

UNDISTURBED by the prospect of an irruption of the Russian Volunteer Fleet into the Aegean, the English Post Office has this week been negotiating with a view to the eventual transport of the Indian mails *via* Vienna, Belgrade, and Salonica. The journey from London to Belgrade, by the Orient express from Strasburg, takes at present just over two days. The journey from Belgrade to Salonica now takes about twenty-two hours, though, as the distance is not much over 350 miles, it could easily be reduced to fourteen, or to a good deal less, if (which is very unlikely) Servian and Turkish railways are properly laid. The passage from Salonica to Port Said ought not to take much more than fifty hours, and might be done in a good deal less. Thus the whole journey from London to Port Said might be performed in a little over four days and a half, or nearly one day less than at present. No doubt the scheme is partly suggested by the desirability of securing an alternative route, should the route *via* Brindisi be closed by a European war. But the change will be a considerable advantage to the traveller for pleasure. It will immensely facilitate visits to the Aegean, and make Athens far more accessible than it is at present.

THE manner in which last Sunday passed at Eastbourne furnishes ample proof of the grave charge which has been brought against the local authorities. The facts that the attacks upon the Salvation Army, and the subsequent riots, ceased the moment it became known that the rioters would not be protected by the magistrates, shows that if the

law had from the first been enforced, the disgraceful scenes which have been witnessed in Eastbourne for several weeks past would never have occurred. It is to be hoped that for the future the Eastbourne magistrates will remember that their first duty is to carry out the law. No doubt the temptation to yield to local sentiment (and local sentiment in this case seems to be strongly antagonistic to the Salvationists) is very great. But those to whom are entrusted the grave responsibilities of the magisterial office ought to be able to resist that temptation. It has too long been the reproach of the unpaid justices that they are so largely deficient in that judicial temper without which a bench of magistrates must necessarily become a fountain of injustice.

THE Money Market remains surprisingly easy, the rate of discount being very little over 2 per cent., while short money is difficult to lend on any terms. Although gold continues to be withdrawn from the Bank of England for Germany, the metal is being received from other countries, with the result that during the week ended Wednesday night the Bank gained rather than lost. Besides, the harvest is late, and owing to the bad weather until this week, it is only now that harvesting has become general. Then, again, although speculation has revived, the demand for banking accommodation has not yet become very large. Lastly, bill brokers hope that the demand for gold for the United States will not be as large as many careful observers are inclined to expect. They argue that up to Saturday last the New York market was exceedingly easy, and that the Treasury is paying out such large sums in redemption of debt that it will continue easy during the present month. Consequently, in their opinion, the shipments of gold to New York will not be large. On the other hand, we would point out that gold already has begun to be sent from the Continent, and that the New York Money Market has become more stringent. On Wednesday, for example, the rate of interest rose to as much as seven per cent. At any moment there may be a further rise, and then we may reasonably expect a very large demand for gold from Europe. The Silver Market remains as quiet as ever. This week Spain has bought more freely than for some time past; but there is no Indian demand, and American speculators are inactive, consequently the price is no better than 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per oz.

THE Stock Markets have been more quiet this week than for some weeks previously. Some of the largest operators in the market were surprised by the suddenness and rapidity of the rise in American railroad securities, and they are doing their utmost just now to bring about a fall, in the hope of being able to buy more largely upon better terms. Up to the present, however, they have not succeeded very far. New York operators are ready to take all the stock that is offered by London, and consequently no fall lasts for any length of time. Should there be a great rise in rates in New York, there may of course be a temporary decline in the market; otherwise the speculation is likely to spread, for holiday-making is now approaching its end, and when the great operators have returned to London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, they are likely to join in the general movement. Meantime, there has been some recovery on the Continental Bourses. It seems to be a fact that a syndicate of Paris bankers has agreed to bring out a Russian loan of twenty millions sterling at about 84, the loan bearing only 3 per cent. interest, and in preparation for its issue it is supporting all departments of the Bourse. For the moment, therefore, even such securities as Spanish and Portuguese are comparatively firm, while Russian have been rushed up. The game, however, is a very risky one, and it seems inevitable that there must be a sharp fall before long.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

LORD CADOGAN'S recent speech at Sheffield has not received the attention which it deserves. It contained a frank avowal of political immorality, all the more remarkable from the obvious unconsciousness of the speaker that he was making a most damaging accusation against his own party. "He, for one, did not wish in any sense to repudiate that soft impeachment," namely, that the Government has earned whatever credit it has got by wearing "the old clothes" of Liberalism. "He put it to that large company, no matter to which party they might belong, whether they did not think that the questions of education, of public health, of artisans' dwellings, of local government, and of Irish remedial legislation, all of which had been dealt with by the Government, came within the old and time-honoured term of Liberal. He, for one, was not disposed to quarrel with those who said that in legislating for the country and guiding their fortunes they were to a certain extent wearing the garb of a former and an ancient Liberalism." We are not surprised that Lord Cadogan and his party are under the impression that the unwonted garb which they are wearing is ancient, seeing how ill it fits them, and how awkwardly they stumble and shuffle along in its too ample folds. But the plain truth is that the garb in question is not old at all. It is still worn by the Liberal party, and what has happened is that the Tory party, having violently denounced it in opposition, have donned it in office. If they had done this in the character of penitent sinners it would be the part of charity to forget the past and welcome the returning prodigals. But that is by no means the character in which the Ministerial party claim the confidence of the country. It is not because they now approve of measures which they formerly opposed that they have passed those measures into law, but because they see no other way of retaining office. It is not, Mr. Goschen has told us, because the Government has become a convert to free education that it has legislated in favour of it, but because the Liberals would otherwise get the credit of passing the Act. Mr. Balfour has been equally candid in openly avowing his distrust of the Irish Local Government Bill, which, nevertheless, the Government intend to bring forward in order to retain the votes of a section of their followers. There is not an article in that garb of Liberalism in which the Tories are now disporting themselves which they would not have done their best to destroy if it had been proposed by a Liberal Government. They would have made the welkin ring with denunciations of Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill if a Liberal Minister had proposed it. Lord Salisbury in 1886 stigmatised as revolutionary and profligate the principle of the Irish Land Bill which his Government passed into law the following year; and the country has not forgotten, as Ministerialists will find when the day of reckoning comes, the fury with which Tory candidates denounced, in the General Election of 1886, the principle of the Land Act which the Government now parade as one of the great triumphs of the Session. They opposed, in the interest of Parliamentary freedom, Mr. Gladstone's very mild Closure Bill; but no sooner did they get into office than they carried a much more drastic Closure Bill of their own, which they used with wanton despotism against their political opponents. The record of the Ministerial foreign policy tells the same tale. We all remember the outrageous language in which Lords Salisbury and Randolph Churchill accused Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues of treachery to their country in coming to terms with Russia about the delimitation of Afghanistan; yet those two noble

Lords, as leaders of the Government in the two Houses of Parliament, claimed credit for having completed that agreement. The proposal of Mr. Gladstone's Government to make the Suez Canal a neutral highway, under an international guarantee, roused the patriotic ire of the Tory Opposition, and within two years a Tory Government took the initiative, and claimed the credit of neutralising the Suez Canal. The division of Bulgaria was the great triumph of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Berlin. When that division was cancelled, in violation of the Treaty of Berlin, Lord Salisbury was one of the first to applaud the undoing of his one great political achievement. It is easy for Lord Salisbury to be a more successful Foreign Minister than his Liberal predecessors, for they had to encounter all the resources of Tory opposition; while he, having adopted in office the policy of his predecessors, has enlisted their patriotic support. Imagine the outcry which a Tory Opposition would have raised over the Heligoland business, or the agreements with Germany and Portugal in Africa, or the reticent meekness with which the Government, early this week, accepted the alleged passage of Russian war-ships through the Dardanelles.

The truth is, we are now beginning to realise the meaning of Mr. Disraeli's boast that he had "educated his party." He taught them to barter their traditional principles in exchange for political legerdemain; to have one political creed for Opposition and another for office. That is the lesson which he set them by precept and example. He declared his readiness to go to the stake sooner than betray "the sacred cause of Protection." "I believe," he said, "that I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left us but the constituencies which we have not betrayed." Soon afterwards Mr. Disraeli appeared in the political arena as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and finding "the sacred cause of Protection" an obstacle to his retention of office, he discovered that "the spirit of the age tends to free intercourse," and he flung Protection overboard. He denounced the Liberal Reform Bill of 1866 as a device "for reducing a first-rate empire to a third-rate republic," and proclaimed the Tory creed, "that the franchise in boroughs should not be lowered;" the true policy being to "legislate in the spirit of the English Constitution, which would absorb the best of every class, and not an indiscriminate multitude," since that would be to "fall into a democracy, which is the tyranny of one class, and that one the least enlightened." But the Tory party found themselves in office the following year, and then Mr. Disraeli taught them an opposite creed, namely, that to confer the franchise on a select body of any class "was a dangerous policy." "We were highly opposed to it," said he, with cynical effrontery, because, forsooth, "the destiny of the Empire is safer in their (the indiscriminate multitude's) hands than it would have been in a more contracted circle, probably of a more refined and delicate character."

It is the boast of Mr. Chamberlain and other Dissident Liberals that they have coerced a Tory Government into the policy of passing Radical measures. The real leader and initiator of this policy, as we have seen, was Mr. Disraeli; but, in any case, it is to us no matter of rejoicing to witness the degradation of a great political party. It has now come to this: that the most revolutionary Government which we can have in this country is a Tory Government in a minority in the House of Commons. It proposes Radical measures in order to retain office, and the Opposition is thus driven to make them more Radical still. From a Radical point of view, therefore, it answers very well to have

in office a Tory Government in a minority. Yet it is not an edifying or a wholesome spectacle. Public life as a whole is grievously damaged by the political immorality of the Tory party since Mr. Disraeli took in hand its education; and we should prefer, for our part, the retardation of Liberal progress to the demoralisation of Parliament which must necessarily ensue from the periodical exhibition of a Government passing in office measures which it vehemently and persistently resisted in Opposition.

THE FIRST FORTNIGHT OF FREE SCHOOLS.

A MONTH ago one of the Lancashire School Boards received a letter from a cotton operative urging that, just as the passing of the Ten Hours Bill was celebrated by a day's holiday in all the mills, so the deliberate adoption of communism in elementary education should be signalised by a similar holiday in all the schools. It was no doubt the convenience of the proposal rather than the cogency of the precedent that commanded the ingenious operative's idea to the solid respectability of our School Boards, and Monday, the 31st of August, will for some time be celebrated in children's annals as Free School Day. But it may be argued that there is more in the analogy than is at first sight apparent. The Ten Hours Bill of 1847 was not the first measure limiting the hours of labour, any more than the Free Schools Act of 1891 is the first measure undertaking the expense of elementary education. But just as the Ten Hours Bill stamped into commonplace the idea of a public obligation to prevent excessive hours of labour, at any rate for women and children, so it is probable that after-ages will look back upon the present year as marking the final triumph of the idea that the education of the children of the community is a social function to be adequately discharged only by the collective organisation. More quickly than the limitation of hours, we may look to see free schools become universal. As regards primary education, at least, the nation has cut itself out of the nexus of cash payment. Between the ages of three and fourteen we shall now be offering elementary education to each according to his needs; and demanding in return, by the theory of our fiscal system, from each according to his ability. We shudder to break it to the Primrose League, but the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith have adopted the formulae of Louis Blanc.

It is too soon even approximately to compute to what extent School Boards and managers have resolved to accept the fateful gift of the Fee Grant. London, which has lately shot ahead of Birmingham, even in ideas as to education, led, as we know, the way, and promptly decreed the abolition of every fee in every department of every day school under the Board, as soon as the Act should come into operation. This bold example has found many imitators up and down the country. Great Boards like those of Sheffield and Leeds; the Boards of busy populations such as those of Wolverhampton and Plymouth, Hinckley and Southampton soon followed suit. Rural Tory boroughs such as Tiverton went the same way. Up and down the country-side the unobtrusive coercion of Lord Salisbury's Act is driving even the clergy to open their schools without fee. But Free Schools are, as yet, by no means universal. Especially in the North, do the Boards seem to hanker after the forbidden fruit of fees; and to retain their clutch on reduced tolls on learning rather than upon none at all. Tory Liverpool and Tory Bolton, Radical

Rochdale and Radical Newcastle, clerical York and ducal Chesterfield, all persist in retaining some schools and some departments blocked by fees. At Burnley, Board, Church, and Wesleyan schools decide alike to admit infants free, but to charge fees in the standards—the exact converse of Sir W. Hart Dyke's original proposal. Elsewhere a Higher Grade School retains fees which are abolished in all the others. There is, in fact, every variety of decision, but with a strong tendency to general freedom running through them all. Nor is it difficult to foresee that the rapid acceptance of the idea of free schooling will very soon reduce them all to the inevitable level of gratuitous elementary education.

It is, indeed, obvious that the plan of the London and Leeds School Boards has many advantages over the partial adoption of the Act which has in some other places been decided on. To change, at one blow, from all fee schools to all free schools leaves the classification of the population and the relative respectability of the schools just where they were. Whatever real disadvantage or taint of fancied disrepute might attach to a few specially selected free schools, disappears when freedom is the condition of all alike. The careful mother who forbids her daughter to go to a free school lest she should get (an entomological) "something in her head," would, under such a system, have no ground for her praiseworthy apprehensions. But to make a distinction between schools in good neighbourhoods and schools in bad, to retain fees for the aristocracy of labour but to remit them to the proletariat, is to increase still further that evil tendency to the segregation of the people into distinct classes, which creates half the social difficulties of our urban life. The Metropolis has hitherto suffered most from this segregation, and its resulting "schools of special difficulty" are among the hardest of its educational problems. It is to be feared that those towns which are making only some schools free are unwisely creating for themselves those very "schools of special difficulty" which their more fortunate mixture of classes has hitherto spared them.

For the ulterior results of freeing the schools we must, however, wait some little time. All that can be said at present is that the change is, not unnaturally, popular with teachers and parents alike. The results upon attendance bid fair to surpass the expectations of the most sanguine supporters of the change. In Manchester over 800 more children were enrolled in the first week, and the average attendance went up by more than 2,000. In London the results are even more satisfactory. If we may trust the statistics compiled by Mr. John Lobb, one of the Hackney members of the School Board, the average attendance in 370 out of the 410 London Board Schools rose 28,471 in the week, an increase of nearly ten per cent. Some part of this increase is no doubt to be attributed to other causes, such as, for instance, the keeping back of children during the last week of fees. But much of the increase is real, and is a most gratifying result of the change. If we can increase the average attendance by only five per cent, it will mean that another couple of hundred thousand children will every day come to school who were formerly in the streets, and this in itself will be no bad return for our hurried plunge into the final stage, as far as elementary education is concerned, of the transition from individual to collective expenditure.

But there is yet another dividend from this new investment of social capital. The effect upon the children's habits of saving is evidently going to be considerable. Praiseworthy efforts are being made in thousands of schools to divert the quondam school-pence into the school savings bank. Thousands of

parents are continuing to send their pennies every Monday morning, in order that the children may put them in the bank. In Manchester nearly five thousand new accounts were opened in the first week. Similar good results on a smaller scale are reported elsewhere. It is impossible to calculate the good that this may accomplish in the way of accustoming the parents, no less than the children, to regard, like their social superiors, a comfortable bank balance as one of the necessities of life.

CLOUDS IN THE EAST.

THAT clouds are gathering in the East once more is not to be questioned; but even the acutest and best-informed observer would find himself at fault if he were asked to say whether they portend a storm or a mere thickening of the atmosphere, destined by-and-by to pass imperceptibly away. It is perhaps unfortunate that rumours of fresh difficulties at Constantinople should so constantly be heard during the depth of the "silly season," when Parliament is not sitting and Ministers are out of town, and when, consequently, it is impossible to obtain any authentic information. We say it is unfortunate that this should be the case, inasmuch as it may lead men to under-estimate the gravity of events which may have a real and important significance; but we confess, despite the vigour with which the *Standard* and one or two other newspapers have striven to sound the alarm in connection with the Russo-Turkish negotiations, that we see no reason for apprehension concerning the immediate future of Europe. The opening of the Dardanelles to certain Russian vessels which are neither men-of-war nor ordinary merchantmen, but which have a character of their own as transport ships, is not in itself a matter of serious importance. It is certainly not such a violation of the regulations which govern the navigation of the Dardanelles as would justify the summoning of a European Conference, or even the delivery of a formal protest by the other Powers. If indeed the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin had been seriously violated by the diplomatic action of Russia and the Porte, only one course would be open to Great Britain. Whatever might be our opinion as to the importance of the clause which had been violated, we should be bound, in defence of the sanctity of treaties and of good faith among the brotherhood of nations, to insist that the whole question should be submitted to the Powers whose names are affixed to that treaty. But, as we have said, there is no reason to suppose that the steps recently taken by the Sultan constitute any violation of his engagements with Europe. For years past he has allowed these Russian transports to pass through the Dardanelles—after a formal protest, it is true, but without any more serious obstacle being thrown in their way. That he should now have dropped the empty form of protest is hardly a matter which need disturb any of the Great Powers, and it cannot be regarded as a breach of any treaty obligation.

The truth, however, is that this concession to Russia has come at a moment when in Western Europe public opinion is naturally sensitive with regard to anything that may be happening in the East. It comes immediately after the ostentatious fraternisation of the Czar and the French fleet at Kronstadt, and it has been followed by a change of Ministry at Constantinople, which certainly does not bode good for English interests in Turkey. We print elsewhere a letter from one of the highest authorities in the East, which shows that the fall

of Kiamil Pasha has no political significance outside of Turkey; but, undoubtedly, it means the removal from power of a man who has always been known for his friendliness towards Great Britain, and the substitution for him of a Minister regarding whose opinions on questions of international policy the world is in a state of ignorance. It is not surprising in these circumstances that the alarmists should detect in the sequence of events the proofs of the existence of a dangerous and far-spreading plot against English influence in the Levant. Nor can we wonder at the fact that the journalists of Berlin and Vienna should insist that what has happened furnishes sufficient reason for the instant adhesion of this country to the Triple Alliance. The English public, it is to be hoped, will keep itself free from these imaginary alarms and the moral which they are supposed to enforce. Whatever reality there may be in the existence of an understanding between France and Russia, bearing upon Eastern questions, and whatever may be the extent of the influence which the new allies have succeeded in bringing to bear upon the Sultan, it can never be too plainly stated that our policy so far as Turkey and her treaty obligations are concerned is of the clearest and simplest kind. In common with all the Great Powers of Europe, we are bound to insist that treaties should be observed—at all events, until they have been formally abrogated. But our interest in this matter is no greater than that of any of the co-signatories of the Berlin Treaty. The opening of the Dardanelles to Russian vessels of war would, no doubt, be a matter about which all Europe would be compelled to have an opinion and to express it; but it would certainly not be a matter in which England would be so deeply interested as to make it necessary that we should draw the sword alone in order to restore the *status quo*. France might, under the glamour of a Russian alliance, agree to the free passage of the Czar's warships from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, even though in doing so she destroyed for ever her chance of obtaining supremacy in the great inland sea. But Austria, Germany, and Italy, who have no sentimental affection for the Czar, would find themselves just as seriously compromised by the breaking-down of the provisions of the Treaties of Paris and Berlin as Great Britain would be, and it would be at least as much to their interest as to ours to take steps to compel the Sultan to observe the obligations which were imposed upon him by those who saved him from ruin in 1878.

There is only one factor in the Eastern Question which can cause Great Britain and its people the slightest uneasiness. That factor is, of course, the problem of Egypt. It is by no means impossible that the publicists who declare that recent events are meant to lead up to fresh action on the part of the Porte, for the purpose of obtaining our withdrawal from the valley of the Nile, are in the right. The Sultan indeed has already mooted the question, and its full consideration has only been deferred for a brief period. It is in this direction alone that we have any reason for apprehension. So long as the English occupation of Egypt continues, a real alliance between this country and France must be impossible. This fact, upon which we have often insisted, has been brought home to everybody by the events of the last few days. If we were only to think of our own interests and of the maintenance of European peace, the course would be clear before us, and we should put an end by a stroke of the pen to the one possible cause of quarrel which now exists between ourselves and France. But we have undertaken a task from which it is impossible that we can retire with honour until it is at least substantially accomplished. Fat-

and the timidity of the French have conspired together to impose upon us duties, on the faithful performance of which the future welfare of the Egyptian people depends; and, whilst we cannot free ourselves from the pledges we have given so repeatedly to Europe as to the temporary character of our occupancy of Egypt, we cannot, on the other hand, seek relief by leaving Egypt prematurely to its fate. The whole question is one of the gravest difficulty, and it demands not only the continuous supervision of our statesmen, but the maintenance on the part of the people of this country of a calm and even judicial temper. For anything in the shape of panic there can be no excuse; but, at the same time, it is inevitable that, so long as we remain in this exceedingly delicate and difficult position, not only with regard to France, but with regard to Turkey, the appearance of any fresh clouds on the Eastern horizon must occasion well-founded anxiety to those who are charged with the conduct of the affairs of the nation.

THE CANADIAN SCANDALS.

HE must have a marvellous memory and untiring patience who can master and keep track of the details of that secret history now in course of publication at Ottawa. The daily instalments unroll before us a plot of increasing complexity; new characters are introduced in every chapter, and what the *dénouement* is going to be, or when it is going to come, the oldest novel reader in Mayfair would be puzzled to predict. The natural tendency of the average Briton, after passing through every stage of amazement and disgust, is to collapse into utter confusion beneath the endless variety of turpitudes discharged upon him by the telegraph cable. He turns away with shocked and reeling brain, and goes off with a vague idea that Canada is a disgrace to civilisation. Poor little big Canada! What a cloud she is under!

When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own. Though Canada is not likely to recover what she has lost, the proverb is not inappropriate to the present case. A quarrel between a member of Parliament and his brother knocked the first leak in the reservoir of secret corruption many months ago. The M.P., Mr. Thomas McGreevy, was a bosom friend of the Minister of Public Works, sharing his home, paying his debts to the extent of £2,000, and getting from his department sundry useful bits of information about Government contracts. The M.P.'s brother was a Government contractor for dock-building, dredging, &c., who made use of this information in order to cheat the Government out of huge sums of money, paying the M.P. a handsome proportion of the booty. Permanent officials were corrupted to make the contracts as favourable as possible to the contractors, and Government inspectors on the spot were bribed to report that the work was well done when it was not. In this way docks costing the contractors about £436,000 cost the public £627,000. The M.P. thought he had not got his share of the plunder by a good many thousands, and hence the little family dispute which set the dirty stream a-running. A French newspaper editor, at Quebec, Mr. Tarte, was first entrusted with the secret by the contractor's brother. The editor was a good Conservative, yet an honest man, and he implored his leader to put a stop to the corruption and disown the corrupted M.P. Sir John refused to believe the charges. The editor undertook to cleanse his party single-handed, whether the party was willing or no, and out came a first instalment of the damning evidence in the columns of *Le Canadien*. Of course

Mr. Tarte was denounced as a slanderer by the whole Tory press of the Dominion; and the M.P., solemnly declaring his innocence before the House of Commons, sued the wicked editor for libel. Instead of quailing before the immense resources of the M.P. and his guardian angel, the Minister, the editor carried the war into the enemy's country; he entered Parliament and flung his accusations across the floor of the House of Commons. The matter was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The evidence against the M.P. was overwhelming. He was proved to have violated the Independence of Parliament Act not only by taking large sums from Government contractors, but by being a Government contractor himself—of course under a borrowed name. Much, if not all, of the money got in the former way he said he had not received in his private capacity, but as treasurer of his party's election funds. With a show of magnanimity he refused to give the names of the real beneficiaries, hinting that they included Ministers of the Crown and many other members; and on the Speaker's warrant being issued for his arrest, he fled the country. The Minister of Public Works, Sir Hector Langevin, though renewing his protestations of innocence, has at last seen fit to resign his office, and the Committee is striving to determine how far his protestations may be believed.

Meanwhile, the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons was moved to investigate certain irregularities in two of the public offices. The clerks were found to have a habit of drawing extra pay for extra work in the names of their sisters and cousins and aunts. Then it was discovered that permanent officials high in the service were having public moneys paid to themselves under borrowed names for the hire of steam launches, rent of land for storage, and so forth. At the next step the investigators learned that these and other officials had been taking bribes on the most lordly scale from men whom they favoured with Government orders. In the printing and stationery departments this had been reduced to a science. The printing superintendent simply demanded a percentage of all moneys received by type-founders or paper-makers in payment for goods ordered by him for the public service. Descending to corruption of a pettier description, the Committee received sworn evidence that some clerks were in the habit of clothing themselves and their families at the cost of their fellow-citizens, the drapers making out false invoices for imaginary goods supposed to have been supplied to the departmental offices.

A third and Select Committee has been investigating a charge of "trafficking in offices" brought against a Conservative M.P. from Ontario, Mr. Cochrane, who seems to have got his supporters appointed to minor posts under Government on their consenting to pay one or two hundred dollars each—ostensibly to an election fund. Far more important, however, is the charge that the Prime Minister of Quebec and his colleagues were bribed to give a large subsidy to the Baie des Chaleurs Railway Company. The Dominion Senate appointed a Committee to look into this; but the Provincial Ministers declined to recognise the Federal Parliament's jurisdiction in the matter, and their confidential agent to whom the £20,000 was paid to procure the subsidy has left the country. Now comes a fifth charge, or set of charges, directed against the Federal Secretary of State, Mr. J. A. Chaplean, who is alleged to have received 10 per cent. commission on an award of £16,600 made by the Government to settle the claim of an American firm of railway contractors, and also to have made a corrupt agreement with American paper-makers.

There is no need to dwell on a single charge that

has not yet been proved. The undisputed facts are bad enough. The defence constantly set up when large sums are traced from a contractor or office-seeker to a legislator is that the money was not for the recipient's private benefit, but for legitimate political purposes. That this is reckoned any defence at all shows the extent to which the political conscience in Canada has been blunted. If the candidate's election expenses were not paid for him, he would have to pay them himself; and to receive these expenses from men who expect to be repaid in Government contracts or offices immediately destroys the independence of the legislator. From this point of view the independence of the Federal Parliament was undermined long ago by Sir John Macdonald. He won the General Elections of 1878, 1883, 1887, and 1891 with large sums voted by manufacturers out of the extra profits which he guaranteed them by a high import tariff. Whole constituencies have been bribed by the offer of a bridge here and a dock there, and a new post-office or custom-house yonder, to vote for the man who could get the Government to spend most public money in the locality, quite irrespective of the general interests of the country. Although the spoils system has not been carried to such indecent lengths as in the United States, the Civil Service forms a refuge for individuals whose assistance to the winning party must be paid with the money of the nation. As a matter of form examinations are held; but the most brilliant of those who pass have no certainty of an appointment, while the dunce who has just scraped through has nothing to fear if he or his friends have political influence.

There is reason to believe that we are on the eve of a great change for the better in Canada. Many of the smaller Conservative organs demand a political purification with cheering vehemence. "Better lose the National Policy than the national honour," says one; "rather than these abominations should continue, let the Liberals come in!" Another calls upon the Government to have all the culprits arrested: "Let no party consideration save contractor, departmental employe, or Minister, if either has been guilty of participating in or permitting raids upon the public chest." The Government evidently feels that the people will put up with no whitewashing this time. The Liberal resolution denouncing the receipt by Ministers of testimonials to which public contractors subscribe—such testimonials as that accepted by Sir Hector Langevin, in fact—has been meekly agreed to by the Ministry. The Prime Minister, Mr. Abbott, is the man who in 1873 negotiated the great bribery scheme known as the Pacific scandal, by which Sir John Macdonald was driven disgraced from office. Now he assumes the rôle of Theseus, prepares to explore the labyrinth by means of a Royal Commission, and heroically vows to slay the minotaur of corruption which has been feeding on the bone and blood of Canada. A course of dismissals, suspensions, resignations and flights has fairly set in. On the Liberal side even such a stalwart and leading party paper as the *Toronto Globe* calls down thunder on the so-called Liberal Administration at Quebec. Foolish writers on both sides are calling on the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor to take action, independently of their accused advisers: action which has been impossible ever since Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just got his commission revoked by the Marquis of Lorne for daring to dismiss a ministry he could not trust. Nothing is more unlikely than that the figurehead, either Federal or provincial, will try to steer the ship; but in either case the captain and crew who have brought their vessel among the rocks are quite likely to be sent about their business.

They will not be missed. There is no lack of honest men in the Dominion, after all, even in polities. In fact, the Province of Ontario, with its single chamber and no debt, affords a conspicuous example of wise, pure, and economical administration. Whether the two Governments implicated go or stay, however, their masters are tired of being robbed, and a season of honest government may be expected to follow this dismal era of treachery and corruption.

MILITARY FUSTIAN.

WE have been treated lately to a rhapsody on war from the pen of M. Zola. That literary pedlar of primitive sensations has been to Sodan. There he has smelt blood, and he writes about it with a dithyrambic ferocity which may be an excellent advertisement of his wares. The slipped warrior who sits at home and heaps up corpses with a quill is a much noisier bloodhound than the military man who supplies the actual slaughter. Not that the military man is always incapable of rhetorical horrors. Lord Wolseley has a fine turn for butchery in print, and his performance in the *United Service Magazine* gives us an inkling of what he might do in this line if he had as copious a vocabulary as M. Zola's. The Commander-in-Chief in Ireland has been bracing himself with the Cromwellian spirit which owed so much to the chronicles of blood in the Old Testament. Lord Wolseley writes about Moltke in a fine Scriptural vein. The Germans bewailed the loss of their great general as "all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah." There is a good deal of "Judah and Jerusalem," with a strong flavour of Drogheda, in Lord Wolseley's article. He praises Moltke as "a God-fearing man, full of real piety and deep, sincere faith in his Maker." "Moltke was the hater of cant and of clap-trap copy-book morality," who "did not fear to shed blood when it was necessary to do so in the interests of the German people. He believed it to be right and just to do so in such a cause, as it had been for God's chosen people of old in the land of Canaan." So when Moltke pulverised the Austrians at Königgratz, he was like an inspired Hebrew smiting the Amalekites. The policy of driving Austria out of Germany originated in the belief that the Prussians were "God's chosen people," and that the needle-gun was a divine instrument. This is the wholesome morality which Lord Wolseley offers us in lieu of the cant of the copy-book. Prince Bismarck will be diverted to learn that he was a kind of German Samuel, that Moltke was the Joshua of the "chosen," and that the Emperor Francis Joseph was the modern Agag, who, owing to the pernicious influence of the copy-book on the manners of our times, escaped the fate which befell the Eastern potentate who walked "delicately." Two nations go marauding in the territory of a third: they quarrel over the plunder, and one of them seizes a favourable moment for onsting its rival at the sword's point. That, in brief, is the history of the incidents which led to the campaign of 1866. But according to the Judah and Jerusalem-cum-Drogheda oracle, the conqueror was divinely "chosen" to monopolise the spoils of one of the shabbiest transactions in political annals. What is the cant of the copy-book to this? Lord Wolseley has a shrewd appreciation of success, and he tries to trick it out with some pious habiliments borrowed from the Jews, and rather less respectable than most old clothes. There is no cant so degrading as that which regards a nation as the anointed representative of Heaven when it happens to play the part of

a successful highwayman. That sort of enterprise is familiar to the history of all aggressive peoples; but to have it chanted as a holy achievement by a psalmist in epaulets, who asks us to listen to the voice of the barrack-room as if it were a message from Zion, is a little too much for our patience. "Full of merciless common-sense," says Lord Wolseley, Moltke's "heroic spirit held in supreme contempt the unctuous humbug to which the modern Pharisee of public life treats the people so copiously. He shuddered as he watched the effect of its blighting influence upon the patriotism of other nations." This "blighting influence," we take it, is that which prevents Lord Wolseley from settling public affairs—the government of Ireland, for instance—on the drum-head. It is "unctuous humbug," no doubt, to tell the people that they have nothing to learn even from a commander who discomfited a rabble of badly-armed Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir. Possibly our state would be more gracious if we were to bow to this prophet of Jndah and Jerusalem, and allow him to make our patriotism as well as our laws.

There is no objection to the military rhetorician in his proper place. He is conventionally useful at public dinners when the toast of the national forces justifies a reasonable glorification of his calling. But to hold before us as an ideal the "real piety" which does not hesitate to shed blood in the interests of "God's chosen people" is to ask us to elevate an incongruity to the rank of a moral principle. War is a necessary evil. Armies and navies cannot be dispensed with in our present imperfect stage of development. But to extol bloodshed for its own sake as a pious rite, to claim that a military strategist is entitled by a "sincere faith in his Maker" to desolate countless homes and say he is the arm of the Almighty, is as absurd as the practice of which Mr. Morley speaks somewhere, of justifying the excesses of physical appetite by the grotesque sanction of religious superstition. The passion for blood which disguises itself in the trappings of religion is a very poor agent of civilisation. To do him justice, Moltke never showed any trace of the sentiment which Lord Wolseley would raise to the dignity of heroism. If he shuddered at "the blighting influence on the patriotism of other nations," he kept that moral spasm to himself. He did not proclaim his religious superiority in military magazines, and talk of the "unctuous humbug" of statesmen who have to deal with a democracy which is not in the fetters of Teutonic absolutism. True, he has extolled war as a great discipline which develops the virtues of fidelity and self-sacrifice, but he did not venture to strike the balance of profit and loss in the ledger of the sword. If the debit account of war—its stimulus to national rapacity, its hecatombs of victims, its seed of bitter feuds, its heritage of widespread misery, its divorce of millions from humane pursuits, its contemptuous negative to the brotherhood of humanity—be set against all the credit of fidelity to comrades, loyalty to commanders, devotion to country, who can doubt to which side the balance will incline? Lord Wolseley has a great disdain for the arts of peace. Thinking and philosophical writing seem to him very sorry substitutes for drilling and cutting throats. Free thought and speech are doubtless amongst the blights on our patriotism, and it would be better for the citizen if he were conscript, summoned from his business and his family to breathe the fine moral atmosphere of the barracks, instead of going about his affairs without a drill-sergeant at his elbow, and reading the pernicious prints which criticise Lord Wolseley's opinions. But Englishmen, after a pretty long experience, have thought fit to confine the

military element to its proper sphere, which is not that of government; and to allot to it duties which have nothing to do with the direction of polities or morals. It breaks out now and then, and indulges in a little filching. We are not a whit more moral, perhaps, than our neighbours, and what we have got by whatever means we have a general determination to stick to. But there is a growing and wholesome repugnance to the pretence that blood-letting is a religious festival, and that man is "arrayed for mutual slaughter" because "earnage is His daughter," a sentiment which Wordsworth would have blotted out if he could have known that it would sustain the moral code of a Wolseley.

THE REVIVAL OF SPECULATION.

THE dependency and distrust which, until a few weeks ago, weighed upon the City has been suddenly dissipated, and in their place there is now an exaggerated confidence that threatens by-and-by to bring new difficulties upon us. The change is an inevitable result of the exaggerated fears that have prevailed ever since the Baring collapse last November. After such an experience people began to doubt the solvency of every great house, and consequently the alarmist rumours that were circulated so persistently were greedily swallowed, and semi-panics followed every few weeks. As a consequence, operators upon the Stock Exchange hastened to dispose of not only what they possessed, but what they did not possess, and thus there was created a very large speculation for the fall. As, however, the months passed on, and the failures that were so confidently predicted did not come off, people began to doubt whether they had not foolishly thrown away their property. Then came the reassuring statement by the Governor of the Bank of England, which we commented on a few weeks ago, and a more hopeful feeling sprang up. The minds of men were thus prepared for a new speculation, and an occasion for this was given by the Government ukase forbidding the export of rye from Russia. While the crops of all kinds are bad all over Europe, and in some cases are an actual failure, they are exceptionally good in the United States, and—as we have explained—there is a strong probability of prosperity among farmers, carriers, and traders there. Whatever doubts existed as to the deficiency in Europe were dissipated when the Russian Government had to forbid the export of rye. Instantly a wild speculation in wheat and maize sprang up in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York; and a few days later there began even a wilder speculation in American railroad securities. Here at home, as we have been pointing out, the City was ready for the new speculation. Operators of all kinds had lost much money during the last year or two, and they were eager for a chance of making good their losses. Besides, they calculated that, since the speculation had begun in the United States, it afforded proof that the Americans themselves were confident as to the immediate future. Over and above this, the conviction had been slowly growing that the fall in South American securities had been carried too far. It is known that negotiations are going on for the selection of a Commissioner to go out to the Argentine Republic for the purpose of studying the situation on the spot, and elaborating an arrangement of the debt; and it is further known that a Commissioner from Uruguay has just put forward a plan for settling the Uruguayan debt, and if this be in many ways objectionable, it yet

gives courage to speculators as informing them of the worst that is to be apprehended in the immediate future. Then, again, the end of the Chilean civil war gives rise to the hope that Chili now will slowly recover. Over and above all this, the Money Market is exceptionally easy both in Europe and America. The banks of all kinds have larger reserves than they usually keep, and they are eager to spend, since rates are so low just now that it will be difficult to pay good dividends unless a better demand for money can be created. Thus bankers are ready to co-operate with their customers in stimulating a new speculation.

Within reasonable limits, the rise that is taking place is legitimate and even beneficial. There is no doubt, for instance, that the fall in American railroad securities had been carried too far during the past twelve months; and there is still less doubt that the alarmist rumours which were so persistently circulated were quite unfounded. But the danger is that just as pessimism was carried to extremes for the past eight months, so optimism will be now pushed to the fore. In the first place, it is quite clear that the ease in the Money Markets of the world, upon which so much stress is laid, is not likely to continue. If, as everybody believes, Europe will have to buy immense quantities of wheat and maize from the United States; and if, further, the McKinley Tariff prevents any material increase in the exports of Europe to the United States, it is clear that Europe will have to pay for a large quantity of its food in gold, and shipments of gold upon a very large scale will rapidly reduce the reserves of the great European banks, and, by-and-by, will cause stringency in the European Money Markets. It will be well, then, for all who are about to engage in the wild speculation that is going on to bear this fact in mind. Further, it is to be recollected that no real change has yet taken place in South America—except, of course, that the civil war in Chili is at an end. This, however, does not remove the difficulties of the Republic. Both sides have piled up debt. In Uruguay, again, although a new debt arrangement is being carried out, there is no real assurance that the Government can perform what it is now promising, any better than it can fulfil its past pledges; and as respects the Argentine Republic, nothing is altered; the crisis still continues. The Presidential election has not taken place; there is no settlement of the debt; there is now no information as to what Argentina can do.

Even if we take the case of the United States we see that the rise which is going on in railroad securities is without justification to a large extent. Of course it is perfectly true that the crops are splendid; that the agricultural interest far outweighs all others put together, and that when agriculture is really prosperous trade generally must be good; and, lastly, that the railways will have unusually large traffics. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact, all the same, that some of the railways pay no dividends, and will not be able to pay dividends even if their earnings are greatly increased.

There is, however, a very serious danger, and that is the critical position of some of the Continental Bourses. A more real anxiety respecting politics exists just now than has been felt since the accession of the German Emperor. It is quite possible that at any moment the anxiety may deepen, and that some accident may occur to create real alarm. Suppose there were to be a scare either in Berlin or Vienna, and that prices were to fall ruinously, how would the London Stock Exchange bear the shock? But even if political alarm is averted for the present year, is it not probable that there will be serious difficulties by-

and-by upon the Berlin and the Austrian Bourses? We commented last week upon the embarrassments of Russia and the probability that those embarrassments will increase the difficulties of German capitalists and speculators. Then, again, the crisis in Portugal is growing deeper and deeper, and may lead to a crash at any time, while the position in Italy is very disquieting. Furthermore, it is almost inevitable that the German Money Market will be disturbed by-and-by. As we have frequently reminded our readers, both the wheat and rye crops of Germany are bad, and Germany will therefore require to import immense quantities of grain this year, and, if she has to pay for them, to send abroad immense amounts of gold. Is it not, then, inevitable that the Money Market will be disturbed? And if there should be a serious fall in Germany, would not that disturb other Stock Exchanges in Europe? For the time being, speculators are resolutely shutting their eyes to all these dangers. Each one hopes that his own venture will come to a successful termination before the danger becomes real; each, therefore, is wildly rushing in. It is possible that the calculations may prove well founded, that there may not be political alarms or even financial difficulties during the present year, and that the speculation may continue for a considerable time without a break. But it is equally possible that some untoward incident may occur; and it would be wise, therefore, for all who are interested to practise a little more moderation. A recovery from the depths into which the City was sunk a little while ago is to be welcomed, but if it is to be followed by unreasonable and reckless speculation, such as is now springing up, we fear that it will end in another crisis—not so bad, we hope, as that of last November, but sufficiently bad to plunge numbers in distress.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE record of this week—like that of the last—is chiefly concerned with congresses, manœuvres, and *canards*. Among the latter we must count the Dardanelles story with all its off-shoots, started a fortnight ago by the *Standard*, *à propos* of an event which has happened many times before. The supposed agreement between Russia and Turkey simply referred—as was tolerably clear last week—to the ships of the Volunteer Fleet, which convey recruits, military convicts, and occasionally troops between Odessa and Vladivostock, in Siberia. The eagerness to find in the apology of Turkey for the recent detention of the *Kostroma* and *Moskowa* the secret workings of the Franco-Russian alliance has only led to the exchange of assurances between the English and Austrian press that the opening of the Dardanelles concerns Austria rather than England, and England rather than Austria. The Nationalist *Ethniki* of Athens, and the *Narodnaya Vremya* of St. Petersburg, are exulting in the (entirely imaginary) check to British diplomacy. The bubble has now been effectually burst by the reminder that similar detentions of the same ships have often been followed by similar apologies. Yet on Monday it was reported from a London telegram to the *Gaulois* that England had summoned a Congress to deal with the question, and afterwards that Italy intended to follow her lead: and General von Caprivi and Count Kalnoky are supposed to have been conferring on the subject at Schwarzenau during the military manœuvres.

Though this particular story is a myth, however, there can be no doubt that things are getting worse at Constantinople. The change of Ministry last Thursday week is officially announced to have been due, as is stated by an indubitable authority in another column, solely to palace intrigues. But

the appointment as Grand Vizier of Djevad Pasha, who is chiefly known to the world just now for his failure to keep even the semblance of order in Crete, hardly promises well for the maintenance of the present state of things. Crete seems to be in much the same condition as it has been for some time, and M. Tricoupi, whose personality the *Times*' Paris correspondent makes more visible by the periphrases under which he has veiled his name, made it quite clear in the interview published on Wednesday that Greece is at best only biding her time, and that the troubles in Crete may unavoidably hasten her action. And the report that M. Stamboulloff has been trying to discover proof of the connection of the Metropolitan of Bulgaria with M. Belcheff's murder last April hardly promises well for vigorous action by that country when the crisis in the East at last arrives.

Meanwhile the great military Powers are hard at work testing the qualities of those forces which are supposed to guarantee the peace of Europe. The French manœuvres—the great battle in which was stopped on Tuesday by the intense heat at 1.45 p.m., after some six hours' fighting—seem to have proved the excellence of smokeless powder, the effectiveness of all branches of the service (including the commissariat), and the presence of plenty of dash and spirit among the men. An unparalleled feat on the part of a body of Engineers who bridged the Aube in an hour, after a rapid and fatiguing march of forty-five miles in twenty-two hours, and a brilliant movement of artillery during the battle of Tuesday, are noted as specially remarkable. A captive balloon with a telephone seems to have been employed by one side with excellent results. On Wednesday General Gallifet's corps was defeated and driven back on Troyes. Of the Austrian manœuvres, witnessed by the two Emperors and the King of Bavaria, no clear account has reached us. The Bavarian army has exhibited its qualities this week in the presence of the German Emperor, who has been warmly received at Munich. The Swiss army has also manœuvred on what appears to be specially unfavourable ground—woods, gardens, and marshes—near Winterthur.

The new Russian loan is apparently at last floated in France, though not by Messrs. Rothschild. The amount is 500,000 francs at 3 per cent. A syndicate of bankers has taken it up at 81½ or 82, and will sell it at 85 or 87. No doubt—though the loan is dear at the price—the recent Russophil demonstrations will draw in the small investors, who are far more numerous in France than elsewhere.

We refer elsewhere to M. Grévy's death.

A number of persons connected with the Panama Canal were subjected to a judicial examination in Paris on Tuesday, and as the result of domiciliary visitations many documents were seized. M. Eiffel was subjected to a visit.

One of the *canards* of the dead season, got up in Paris, has been evoked by the Belgian fortifications on the Meuse, which are meant, it is said, to be garrisoned in a war by German troops, the King having designs on the throne of France, which he tried to get the Germans to aid in 1871. The evidence is said to be in the unexpurgated copy of the suppressed diary of the Emperor Frederick, which (it is replied) does not exist.

The Dutch Parliament will be opened on Tuesday. Of the questions waiting for settlement the extension of the suffrage may probably, it is said, produce a split in the Liberal majority, as may also the new military law—which has broken up the coalition between the Anti-Revolutionists and the Roman Catholics, which kept up the late Ministry. The reform of taxation and of the colonial system, as well as social legislation, are other items of the Liberal programme. In any case, financial questions must occupy a large place. It is satisfactory that M. Pierson, the Minister of Finance, is a strong Free Trader.

Last Thursday week the prohibitions on the im-

port of American pork into Germany, dating from 1880 and 1883, were removed by Imperial decree dated from Schwarzenau. The reason always alleged for the prohibition was trichinosis; the real one, of course, protection to native industry. The passage of an Inspection Act in America last year, and the researches since then of a commission of German experts, have removed the excuse; but there can be little doubt that the chief reason for the change is the high price of grain. Large quantities of American pork, however, have hitherto been smuggled into Germany through Holland. Rye and wheat have somewhat recovered from the sudden fall of prices last week; the hurried shipment of the last lots from Russia has considerably reduced the average quality of what is sold.

The treaty of commerce between Austria, Germany, and Italy, has been drafted, and the delegates are awaiting the instructions of their Governments. It is said that Germany meditates a commercial treaty with Portugal.

Official reports just published on the accidents at Zollikofen and Mönchenstein, in Switzerland, may make tourists rather uncomfortable. There is, it appears, no compulsory "block system" on Swiss railways, but only a time allowance between trains varying from 10 to 15 minutes, according to the degree of incline. On the line which passes Zollikofen (the Jura-Bern-Lucerne) it is usual to wait for the signal "line clear" to be telegraphed from the next station before starting the train, but the Paris express, being late, did not wait for it. Whether the guard of the local train which the express ran into should have "covered its rear" with a hand-signal during the halt which caused the collision, seems to be a disputed point. The Mönchenstein accident is ascribed solely to the defects in the system of construction of the bridge. The material was satisfactory, and the train did not run off the line.

The Queen of Roumania is no better, and the two Swiss medical men who have been summoned are not hopeful.

The Greek Minister of Finance, M. Karapanos, has resigned through a disagreement with the Premier, who, it is said, will take the vacant place for a time.

Horrible reports come from Russia as to the sufferings caused by the famine. In Tamboff the women have done their best to hasten the death of their children by infecting them with diphtheria. The Russian Government is facilitating migration and charitable relief, and intends to lay hands on the monastic revenues. At the same time it is redoubling its efforts to crush Protestant dissent.

The little Republic of San Salvador, in Central America, so often the scene of civil war, was devastated on Wednesday morning by a terrible earthquake, for the fourth time in twenty-eight years. Six towns are said to be destroyed, doubtless with serious loss of life.

Peace is rapidly returning to Chili. The last two vessels of the Presidential fleet (except the *Errazuriz* and *Pinto*) have surrendered to the Chilian Minister at Callao. The refugees on board the foreign warships are to be sent to Peru, as the Chilian Government has declined to promise to spare their lives. The notes issued by the late President will be paid by the new Government—partly out of the confiscated property of his adherents. He is believed to be in hiding. The silver aboard the *Espiègle* has been practically secured by an injunction in Chancery for the *de facto* Government. The *Pinto* has been at Copenhagen, trying to get her armament aboard, and carefully watched by a Danish ship of war. She is now to be handed over to the Congressionalists.

The harvest prospects in Argentina are said to be excellent; the *moratorium* is not to be extended; and the economic situation looks far more hopeful.

Affairs in China seem getting worse. Fresh disturbances are reported at the end of last week from Ichang on the Yangtze, chiefly, it would seem, directed against Jesuit missionaries.

HOW CONSUMPTION IS SPREAD.

EVERYBODY will welcome the article by Professor Tyndall on the origin, propagation, and prevention of phthisis, in the September number of the *Fortnightly Review*, because, in the first place, it gives a clear view of the causes and means of preventing the spread of this fell disease, but also because it indicates that the writer, again taking up the trenchant pen which has so long lain idle, has at least in part thrown off the illness from which he has lately been a sufferer. The questions involved in the experimental study of phthisis are, it is almost superfluous to say, of the highest importance, and they are now attracting the attention of physicians and men of science of all countries. On August 2nd last the second biennial congress for the study of tuberculosis closed its sittings in Paris. A week later the joint sections of Bacteriology and Comparative Pathology of the International Congress of Hygiene discussed in London the questions relating to the transmission of tuberculosis from animals to man by means of flesh and milk derived from tuberculous animals. Appropriately this month comes Tyndall's article describing the series of elaborate experiments made by Cornet, of Berlin, as to how consumption is spread. To begin with, then, it is now certain that consumption (phthisis) is contagious, and must be added to the list of such diseases. Next, it has been proved beyond doubt that consumption is a microbic malady. The bacillus characteristic of the disease was discovered by Koch some nine years ago, and subsequent experimentalists have confirmed the conclusions to which he then arrived as to this organism and the products of its life-action being the *vera causa* of the complaint. A year ago the world was astounded by the announcement that Koch had discovered a means of curing consumption. Since that perhaps too hasty publication, the dangers attending the treatment then proposed have been made manifest, and the cure is, for the time at least, in abeyance. Whether careful research will succeed in removing the causes of danger and in placing Koch's remedy on a firm experimental footing, remains to be seen, and there is some reason to hope that this may ultimately be the case. Meanwhile no efforts should be spared to make ourselves acquainted with the means by which the disease is spread—that is, by which the bacillus finds its way into a healthy organism—and this is the object of Professor Tyndall's article, as well as that of the communications made at the congresses of scientific men at London and Paris. The first question in this inquiry which naturally suggests itself is, does the breath of consumptive persons contain the bacillus? If this be so, then, as Tyndall remarks, nothing remains for us but to wait till an infected puff of expired air conveys us to our doom; unless, he might have added, our phagocytes are strong and numerous enough to defeat the enemy. But fortunately for the race this is not so. It has been proved beyond doubt that under no circumstances can the bacteria contained in a liquid or strewn upon a wet surface be carried away by currents of air, so that the breath of the patient cannot carry the infection, because it comes from the moist surfaces of the lungs. It is, however, far otherwise with the matter expectorated. The sputum of a person suffering from consumption contains billions of the deadly bacilli; so long as this remains moist, no danger need be feared; but when it dries up, the bacilli are not killed, and from their minuteness are blown about in the air, and settle in the dust of the sick-room. That such dust collected in hospitals above the heads of the patients does contain the living microbe has been proved by Cornet, by the only possible satisfactory method, that of inoculating animals (guinea-pigs) with this dust. It was then found, after the lapse of several weeks, that the animals infected with dust from certain consumption hospitals were impregnated with phthisis, whilst in other cases no such result followed the

inoculation. In the one instance the bacilli contained in the sputum of the patient had found their way into the dust of the room, in the other case they had not done so, owing doubtless to different arrangements of the hospitals. In the first instance, therefore, a healthy person living in the room and inhaling the dust—as he must do, for it is always being disturbed by sweeping and dusting, and then flies about—might become infected; in the second, no such danger would be incurred. Cornet relates many cases which go to prove this cardinal point that the disease is spread by the inhalation of dust containing the microbes derived from the dried sputum of consumptive patients. That the bacillus can retain its virulence when dried for many weeks, or even months, has been satisfactorily proved, and therefore the possibility of infection from this dust is obviously open, and the time which may elapse from the moment of infection to the development of the disease may be considerable. Hence both Koch and Cornet reject altogether the theory of predisposition or hereditary tendency as a cause of phthisis, and they believe that all those cases which suggest the notion of predisposition if properly examined would turn out to be distinct cases of infection. About this there may be some doubt, but as to the contagious nature of the disease, and as to the chief cause of its spread, there can be no doubt. What, then, are the preventive measures which must be taken? They are simple enough. The greatest care must be bestowed on the disposal of all expectorated material. The patient must never be permitted to spit upon the floor or to use his handkerchief for the purpose, but always and everywhere must use a proper spittoon. "If he is absolutely faithful in the carrying out of these precautions, he may accept the tranquillising assurance that he will neither injure himself (by infecting the healthy portion of his own lungs), nor prove a source of peril to those around him."

"One final word," says Tyndall, "is still to be spoken. If we are to fight this enemy with success, the public must make common cause with the physician. . . . Unless nurses, patients, and public realise with clear intelligence the dangers to which they are exposed, they will not resort to the measures necessary for their prevention. Should the sources of infection be only partially removed, the marked diminution of a malady which now destroys more human beings than all other infective diseases taken together, will, as pointed out by Cornet, be 'our exceeding great reward.'

There are, however, still other sources by which tuberculosis may be introduced into the human body. It has now been experimentally demonstrated that the disease existing in animals is of the same nature as that known in man, and that infection can take place both from the animal to the human species and *vice versa*. The discussion, which took place at the Hygiene Congress, as to how far tubercular disease is spread by eating meat or drinking milk derived from unhealthy animals, was satisfactory as regards meat, inasmuch as it was admitted that no danger exists so long as the meat is properly cooked, for then any disease germs are killed. Professor Burdon Sanderson, than whom no higher authority on the subject exists, is of opinion, however, that our system of meat inspection is far from what it ought to be, and that an efficient system of skilled inspection should be created. This he considers is desirable not merely as a first step towards preventing the sale and consumption of tuberculous meat, but as an indispensable means of acquiring better information than now exists. Such a system must be conducted by skilled men acting under scientific guidance. With respect to milk, there is little doubt that infection from unhealthy milk has been proved. But if the milk be heated to 75° C., the virus, if not entirely removed, is so weakened as to be harmless. Here also the necessity of an adequate system of inspection was strongly urged. As outcome of the discussion, the opinion was

expressed that although both from meat and from milk cases of human infection had been proved, in by far the majority of cases the infection takes place between man and man, and that therefore it is far more important to eliminate possible sources of contagion between human subjects than to pay so much attention to the minor possibilities of infection from animals to man.

Professor Tyndall closes his article by pointing out that the only way of combating this terrible scourge of tuberculosis, and indeed, all other infectious diseases, is experimental investigation. And he adds that the most effectual mode of furthering such investigation in England, is the establishment of the National Institute of Preventive Medicine, which he is rejoiced to learn has, after due consideration, been licensed by the President of the Board of Trade. I have in these columns, and elsewhere also, urged the importance, nay the necessity, if we are to fight the good fight with success, of the foundation of this National Institute. Professor Tyndall's able advocacy will do much to awaken public opinion on this burning question, and help those of us who are actively engaged in its solution.

H. E. ROSCOE.

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LABOUR IN SESSION.
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IT is very easy, sitting in Newcastle Town Hall, to describe the surface defects of the Trades Union Congress—its impatience, its bursts of wildness, its slight acquaintance with the mechanical rules which govern the permanent Parliaments of the world. But these are small matters to the observer who is inevitably drawn, fascinated, into the sweep of the life-current which moves—spiritual Gulf Stream—through the assembly. "How interesting it is!" said an old political hand, long versed in the ways of the lobby and smoking-room, to me; "I haven't had such a treat for years." Great is the charm of unconventionality. Probably it is the rude contact with the verities of life—the struggle for the daily bread, the effort of our modern Samson Agonistes to attain power and light—light that he may know how to use power—which makes these annual gatherings of the fighting proletariat so packed with intellectual interest. The speech-making is excellent; often far beyond the level of the average House of Commons address, more direct, more truthful, far and away more earnest. There are diplomats and tacticians here, as elsewhere; but what one feels about the average speech is the brutal love of facts, the intense desire to say the thing that is, as the speaker's experience goes, the passionate addiction to great human principles. It was wonderful, for instance, to note how the best points in Mr. Burt's remarkable address were received. Mr. Burt is an "Old Unionist" *par excellence*—his very beautiful mind moves in quiet grooves of thinking; sincerely sympathetic, he is, in the best sense, one of Nature's conservatives. I do not know how his fine idealist address would have been heard in the House of Commons; I suspect with indifference, with very partial comprehension of its import. At all events, I am quite sure that Mr. Burt would never have dared to deliver anything like it from the green benches. Here, however, it found immediate lodgment in the minds of a large number of men whose views of working-class policy were widely different from those of Mr. Burt. Its lofty, pensive strain of thought half-cheerful, half-grave went straight to the hearts of New as well as of Old Unionists. It was very finely phrased, very finely delivered, was this talk of the ex-cellarier—who might all his life have been steeped in the life of the spirit instead of hewing away in a coal-pit—to his brethren. The most passionate echo was awakened when the president prophesied the disappearance of the millionaire and the pauper. No saying could have better crystallised the "inwardness" of the

Trade Unionist struggle in its present phase. It was rapturously received, with storm on storm of cheering, and the impression remained through the thoughtful closing passages of Mr. Burt's address.

What I have said as to the speech-making of the Congress applies to the personalities of the delegates. The faces are rough and strong; what they lack in fine chiselling or smooth comeliness they make up in decision and brightness of expression, in clearness of eye, in the natural picturesqueness which is simply another name for simplicity. As for the prevailing bent of politics, the battle has thus far gone in the direction of the New Unionism. It commands a bare voting majority in the Congress, which, however, depends largely on the adhesion of older bodies like the Miners' Federation. The Federation adheres strongly to the Eight Hours Bill, but its voice is doubtful in matters of general policy, and on the appointment of officers. Its vote has been decisive on one or two divisions on the Eight Hours Question, and on the choice of vice-president, and it may determine the very complicated personal issues involved in the selection of the new Secretary of Parliamentary Committee. It has been defeated—and I think very rightly defeated—on the suggestion to substitute a property plural vote, based on subscriptions, for the "one man one vote," taken by a show of hands, and giving perfect equality to all the delegates. The Miners, under the rule made at Liverpool, by which a Union may have as many votes as it pays pounds for every thousand members, would have had one hundred and fifty votes, and with one or two other rich and old Unions, like those of the Cotton Operatives, the Engineers, and the Northumbrian and Durham Miners, could practically have "bossed" the Congress. Clearly, this was out of the question, and the democratic sense of the assembly revolted triumphantly against a plan for perpetuating the property qualification in the centre of the working-class movement. The fierce tumult of the earlier sittings arose from the feeling that if the Liverpool decision had been confirmed the whole constitution of the Congress would have been undermined, and the poor Unions would have lost their chance for ever. When this critical question had been disposed of, the Congress regained much of its dignity and self-control. All through the controversy the New men were clearly right, and the overwhelming vote in their favour justified their dramatic stand for a popular franchise.

The Eight Hours' struggle has wavered to and fro with strange fitfulness, but, on the whole, the battle has gone, as at Liverpool, to the Legalists. John Burns, whose fiery and forceful figure has, by the accident of his not being a delegate, been excluded from a direct share in Congress work, has had a difficult task in screwing up his "stalwarts" to the pitch of voting for an all-round compulsory Eight Hours' Bill. He contrived to get his men together on Tuesday, when the Mountain swept everything before it, but the number fell away over a carefully-drafted amendment, moved on Wednesday morning, giving the Bill a permissive character and basing it on the Fabian lines of trade option. The Miners' Federation, led by Mr. Pickard, and sitting compactly in one corner of the right-hand gallery, went solid for the trade option clause; the Lancashire vote, led by Mr. Mawdsley, was unanimous in the same direction; the Dockers were pledged to this form of the eight hours' idea; and the result was that Tuesday's resolutions were swept away in favour of the permissive and optional proposal. The debate was finely conducted throughout. Some of the speeches were models of condensed argument, bristling with trade facts, devoid of any rhetorical setting. The men of the Mountain struggled hard to maintain their supremacy, but they were weakened by the feeling that trade option represented the probable trend of future legislation. The chances are, however, that, owing to the fluctuating vote of the miners, they may regain their ascendancy before the Congress is

over. In that case, it is doubtful whether Mr. Fenwick will retain the secretaryship, though it is possible that, in the last shuffling of the cards, the new Unionists may prefer him to Mr. Shipton, and he may retain him in his position so as by fire. The supersession of Mr. Fenwick, after only a year of office, would be a particularly hard thing. He is a man of personal character, and he stands in the general estimation as no other possible candidate stands, except perhaps Mr. Tait; but the Congress of to-day is utterly masterful, knows what it wants, has little traditional reverence, and will have its grip firmly on its officials' shoulders. The Parliamentary Committee will almost certainly represent the left—and the extreme left, rather than its centre and left centre. The democratic leaven is powerful in a Congress which only a year or so ago showed a touching deference to one or two men whose position was a classic one, and whose powers of management practically placed the Congress in their hands. To-day the new rush of impatient genius has taken the assault close up to the very citadel of Unionism.

Two or three personalities emerge clearly from the mass of six hundred delegates, every one of whom is a picked man either for his speaking or his organising capacity, and very often for both. Mr. Burt has proved a model chairman, whose temper has stood the strain of the situation perfectly, while his delicate humour—a kind of dry "wut" in a seething ocean of tempestuous energies—has proved to be the one thing needful for his place. Mr. Pickard has kept a masterful hand over the Congress, and no one surpasses Mr. Shipton in easy touch with the business. "Ben" Tillett has, in Mr. Mann's and Mr. Burns's absence, largely led the new men. He is fluent energy itself, and his apostolic face conceals a wisdom that is quite of this world. One symptom has developed to a degree which makes those who follow the Labour Movement with the eyes of a lover watchful and a little sad. Personal jealousies and intrigues were never more rife, the "lobbying" never more thorough and scientific. It is inevitable at this stage, and so are the distractingly diverse currents of opinion. Yet, so good and fine is the human material, that one would fain see it a little less shaken by the smaller controversies that move with electric force through the larger air of the Congress.

Newcastle's reception of the Congress has been a model of warm and splendid hospitality. Even Mr. Keir Hardie's *intransigent* sternness was softened by it; and it was a pure delight to watch the picturesque Scot, with the severe eyes and the broad, square forehead, whirling up the Assembly Rooms, at Tuesday's ball, in the maddest of mad galops.

H. W. M.

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF WOMAN.

WITH the spirit of Mr. Frederic Harrison's address to the Positivist Society most people must cordially sympathise. It is a thoughtful and temperate protest against a social development which, though to some extent inevitable, cannot be viewed without misgiving. Mr. Harrison recalls us to the old ideal of woman's usefulness—the supremacy of the home, the inspiration of the tenderest and most intimate ties, the appeal through the affections to our best instincts and highest interests. Woman's chief glory is to govern the family, "a grander task than to govern the State." This demands her whole energies and entire life; and "to mix up so sacred a duty with the grosser occupations of politics and trade is to unfit her for it as completely as if the priest were to embark in the business of a money-lender." Unfortunately, she is too often unfitted for it by hard necessity. Mr. Harrison does not overlook the fact that many women have to work; but he calls upon the State to abolish this economic condition. The

Legislature is to free women from factory labour, and we suppose Mr. Harrison would like to see the same heroic remedy applied to all occupations which entail "unwomanly fatigues." If the female factory-hand is to be liberated from exhausting toil, why should the shop-girl slave her life away behind the counter? Why should women engage in numerous trades in which the strain on their strength must weaken or incapacitate them for the duties which Mr. Harrison describes so eloquently? But what party in the State is going to undertake this very serious business of removing women from the labour market without any tangible compensation? Andromeda may be a prey to the dragon of toil, but what Perseus will drive off the monster, and leave the victim to starve? For, unhappily, the pressing question is not whether women ought to work for daily bread, but whether their position can be so strengthened that they may be sure of getting decent wages. They have no time to indulge in pleasant dreams of homes in which they would not have to bear the hardships of the bread-winner. They must take counsel with those who can teach them the best way to organise their industrial energies. The counsellors, too, must be women who have the energy and capacity to obtain for their toiling sisters a sufficient measure of public encouragement. They may not love publicity for its own sake. The agencies of notoriety may have no attraction for them. But if they discharge an arduous duty by word and deed, how can they reproach themselves with the "unwomanly fatigue" of a public mission? With all the operations of charity Mr. Harrison would not fail to sympathise; but what is more laborious than charity in these days? The world is in such a hurry that the most deserving objects of pity would escape attention if their claims were not thrust upon the public with an energy and pertinacity which have often to be employed by women simply because masculine activities are otherwise engaged. To do good by stealth is well; but there is a great deal of good which cannot be done at all unless it be proclaimed from the house tops.

These facts impose some limitations on Mr. Harrison's dictum that women ought to be saved from the demoralisation of industrialism. It is just to say that "in body, mind, feeling, and character, women are by nature designed to play a part different from that of men." But nature has thought fit to give us a surplus female population, with all its complicated sequels. Many women would gladly live in the ideal home; but who is to create it for them? They are denied the opportunity of living the life which Mr. Harrison paints with so fine a sense of its beauties. They look out upon a world which is barren of comfort; they listen in vain for any message of joy. If their womanly instincts are stifled, and they are forced into occupations more fitting for men, that is an evil which is beyond the province of laws to cause or cure. There are other women to whom necessity or inclination has taught habits of intellectual independence and self-reliance without impairing their womanhood. In so complex a society as ours such types must exist, and they may smile not unreasonably at Mr. Harrison's rather highly-coloured picture of a community in which women shall become "abortive men." But when all deductions have been made for inevitable social conditions, the principle which Mr. Harrison lays down retains a grave and practical significance. Woman may not always be so happily placed that she can govern a family; but that is no reason why she should be encouraged to indulge the ambition to govern the State. In some industrial spheres her work may overlap the work of men, but that does not justify a claim to share the management of national affairs. The part which nature primarily designed her to play does not make her an hereditary bondswoman because she cannot enjoy an impossible freedom. It simply disqualifies her by instinct, by temper, by the patent facts of

physiology, and by a thousand-and-one subtleties of sex which permeate her whole being, for the duties which have fallen upon man from the beginning.

The sexual distinction is at the very root of the matter. It was overlooked by Mill when he made the fascinating suggestion that by refusing to enfranchise women we were depriving the nation of half of its potential intellect. The answer is that no political or educational process can alter the essential constitution of woman. It is her function, broadly speaking, to influence the world "through the imagination rather than through reason, by the heart rather than by the head." No prodigies of feminine scholarship can alter this fundamental fact. The proposal to endow women with the suffrage is simply a project for giving the average woman an opportunity of applying any superfluous sentiment to public affairs. Her contact with the world is not of that character which is likely to teach her the real bearings of every public question, and her natural perceptions have no affinity with such material. The emotional capacity of the electorate is sufficiently great already; but it has a strong admixture of practical shrewdness which would be wholly absent from the feminine importation. What we are asked to do is to run the risk of letting in a perfect flood of emotion, on which political parties would be tossed hither and thither without any anchorage, while the national interests were the sport of spasms and revulsions of feeling. No reasonable man can contemplate that prospect with serenity. If, on the other hand, no considerable proportion of the female electorate took the trouble to exercise the newly acquired rights—a contingency which the most ardent advocate of women's suffrage must occasionally anticipate—the domestic circle would never be free from the insinuating canvasser, male and female, whose business it would be to beguile the feminine elector with the sort of cajolery which would be deemed suitable to her apprehension. Politics under such conditions would become a mischievous farce, and no irrelevance about the fanciful limitation of the female franchise to spinster householders should distract the public mind from the fact that women are not qualified for the functions which their worst advisers would thrust upon them. There may be remote corners of the earth where such an experiment is thought consistent with amateur statesmanship; but no nation with any traditions to respect, and any character to maintain, will embark on such folly amidst the derision of its neighbours.

THE OLD SCOTCH JUDGE AND THE NEW.

THIE recent death of the Lord Justice General of Scotland has naturally led to a good deal of speculation as to immediate or ultimate changes in the *personnel* of the Court of Session, of which he was the head; and had this been the busy legal season in the Edinburgh Parliament-House, that Hall of the Scotch Gossips would have had a feast of the kind in which it delights, and one of exceptional richness. As it is, the old story of the remarkable good fortune of Tory Governments in the matter of patronage has been retold a thousand times. The merits of living judges and advocates, of Lord Kingsburgh, the present Lord Justice Clerk, and of Lord Young, the "strongest" of Scotch judges, but, unfortunately for himself, not a Conservative in politics, of the present Lord Advocate, Mr. Robertson, and of his Liberal predecessor, Mr. Balfour, have been canvassed and contrasted. But, of course, speculation and rumour of this kind are but of ephemeral interest. Whatever in the way of promotion to the Scotch Bench or of readjustment within its ranks may have been decided, or be in contemplation, by Lord Salisbury, the fact has become increasingly evident, since the death of Lord President Inglis, that his tenure of office marked a transition period

in the personal history of the first of Scotch tribunals. Mr. Inglis was, if not the last link, the last link but one between Scotch judges of the past, whose character was so decided and well known, and those of the future, whose character has yet to be revealed, if not to be formed. He is indeed survived by his old rival and coeval, Lord Moncreiff, who, till recently, held the second position of the Scotch Bench—that now held by Lord Kingsburgh, who, as Mr. Macdonald, was for a time Conservative Lord Advocate. But Lord Moncreiff was in his younger days a man of many activities, and did not devote himself exclusively or even mainly to the work of a Scotch lawyer. He was a keen politician; he was a devoted Free Churchman; as an amateur in literature and science he occupied a position on the Scotch Bench not unlike that which the Duke of Argyll has occupied in the House of Lords. But from the beginning to the end of his career, law was all in all to the late Lord Justice General. In his youth he set himself to become the greatest Scotch advocate of his time, and succeeded. In middle life he set himself to become the greatest Scotch judge of his time, and also succeeded. When he first joined the ranks of the Bar he had to take a side in politics, and for a brief period he was one of the Scotch Law Officers of the Crown. He was also keenly and actively interested in University education. But his profession was to him nine-tenths of life, and of such were the strongest Scotch judges of the old school.

No doubt many of the historical Senators of the College of Justice—as Scotch precisians who think that a great gulf is fixed between a "law lord" and a "real lord" persistently term judges of the Court of Session—did not confine their energies to making new or rehabilitating old Scotch Law. In the last century Edinburgh was the literary and social centre of Scotland, and in days when there were no professional men of letters, and almost no professional men of science, it was a fashion with the "law lords" to do their best to supply the place of both. They drank deep, took an interest in the metaphysical, theological, and critical controversies of their time, and wrote voluminously. Lord Monboddo is still remembered as a grotesque pioneer of Darwin. Lord Kames wrote "The Elements of Criticism"—a book which is still occasionally quoted—but lives in Scotch history chiefly by his reputation for swearing, in which he was a match for any trooper in Flanders. Lord Harles, besides being an active and capable judge, wrote nearly a library to defend "Revealed Religion" against Gibbon and Buffon. Whoever wishes to understand certain of the mysteries of Scotch history must still consult the writings of Lord Woodhouselee. Jeffrey, Cockburn, and the Edinburgh reviewers generally, were on the literary, as distinguished from the political, side, the successors of these old judges. Even since Jeffrey and Cockburn, judges of the Court of Session have written indifferent prose and more than passable verse on a thousand subjects. Lord Moncreiff was rather a patron of them, a practitioner in literature and science, but Lord Neaves, who died only a few years ago, wrote a number of excellent songs, of which the best known, describing the Permissive Bill as a measure to

Permit me to prevent you
From having a glass of grog,

is by no means the best. But ever since 1707, the reputation of Scotch Law and of the Scotch Bench has been preserved by a number of "still strong men" who probably drank quite as much claret and strong ale as their more ambitious colleagues, but who studied Stair's Institutes, which occupy in Scotch jurisprudence the place held in English by Blackstone's Commentaries, and who read into Stair quite as much as great judges on this side of the Tweed have read into Blackstone. The very names of these judges are now forgotten. But there is one of the old Scotch "law lords" whose

name can hardly even yet be mentioned in the North without provoking a storm of hisses. That is Lord Braxfield, the Scotch Jeffreys, whose sentences on, and brutal vituperation of, the pioneers of political reform in Scotland have surrounded his memory with a halo of infamy. But Braxfield, in spite of his violent partisanship, was a courageous man and a capable lawyer, and, had he lived in quiet times, he would probably have left behind him a reputation not unlike that of our own Lord Bramwell. Braxfield was the "flagrant eagle" of the Scotch Bench; the late Lord President Inglis was its crowning glory in the strictly legal sense.

It may be doubted if the Scotch judges of the future will hold the positions in popular estimation occupied by the more eminent of their predecessors. They need not compete in the fields of literature and science with the professionals in both. Were another Francis Jeffrey to come, he would abandon law for literature, and were he to do so he would run a better chance of becoming what Carlyle believed the first Jeffrey aimed at posing as—the Scotch Voltaire. Then it is a matter of notoriety that young Scotchmen of ability, ambition, and a turn for legal work, prefer the English to the Scotch Bar, and are flocking to it. The reason for this is not far to seek; indeed, it has just been disclosed in a Parliamentary paper. The incomes of Scotch judges and Law Officers of the Crown are very much inferior to those of distinguished lawyers occupying the same position in England and even in Ireland. The probability is that, in future, Scotch judgeships will be offered to specialists in certain departments of jurisprudence, not to all-round jurists like the late Lord President. By his undoubtedly commanding capacity, he was able to uphold the independence of the Scotch courts against "English aggression." But, if they are manned in the future by inferior judges, they are bound to sink into a secondary position as compared with the English Courts. One change, however, is possible, which, if effected, might bring in its train the revival of the dignity and power of the Scotch Bench and of its occupants. The assimilation of the Law of Scotland to the Law of England—which is a totally different thing from the absorption of the Law of Scotland *by* the Law of England—is surely not impossible. But the accomplishment, or even its initiation, will not take place in the immediate future.

IS POETRY WORN-OUT?

IT has been noted, as a rule almost without exception, that poets who attain eminence publish some work of conspicuous promise before the age of twenty-five. Therefore those critics who are accustomed to lament that nobody of their acquaintance is worthy to catch Tennyson's mantle, vex themselves without a cause, perhaps. For experience, whatever it may be worth, would bid them await the unexpected and prepare to be surprised by somebody whose school-life ended last term, and whose moustache is even now preparing for an university career. You can never be sure with these poets, because they require so much less training than a prose-writer.

Almost every prose-writer of capacity begins his career by abandoning verse. Hundreds of young men between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five can write very passable verse: but has anyone ever known a young man of twenty, or thereabouts, who could write passable prose? Or, leaving the mediocre, let us ask if a man ever lived who, at the age when Keats wrote "Endymion," could write prose of anything like the same eminence. It is the same with nations. They all begin with poetry, and proceed with infinite pains to learn the more difficult and more subtly musical mode of expression. Æschylus is chastened and refined and we get Sophocles. Sophocles is amended and we get

Euripides. But at this point we find we are straining poetry too far. There is an advance, but our latest tragedian is not so perfect a poet as our penultimate. The fact is that he gets beyond the instrument he plays upon. And so we change verse for prose and attain to Thucydides and Plato. In the same way we begin with the song of Caedmon and advance through Chaucer to Shakespeare, and through Shakespeare to Milton, perfecting our poetry. We have outpassed Milton in ideas and his contemporaries in the knack of writing iambic lines—a knack that comes by mere practice on the old strings. But in manner he spoke the last word. No verse that has been written since the date of his death has advanced upon it. Even Shelley's lyrical ecstasy can be matched by two or three Elizabethans, if we consider his art alone. Milton himself discarded rhyme in his prominent work a great step as if preparing the way for the next century. His own prose, though he had the examples of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of Hooker and of the Authorised Version, has, as Hazlitt points out, "the disadvantage of being formed on a classic model. It is like a line translation from the Latin; and indeed he wrote originally in Latin." But in Clarendon, Bunyan, Dryden, Defoe we see the more difficult art in its growth. And if anybody objects that Defoe's prose cannot compare with Milton's verse we will merely point out that Milton's verse was perfected upon the experiments of centuries, whereas prose in Defoe's hand was only beginning to feel its way. It has been growing ever since. To avoid living writers, and instance one who is lately dead, we may ask anybody to take a chapter of Newman's and search up and down the seventeenth century for anything which in point of skill can compare with it.

That English prose is, as yet, by no means equal to English poetry, is true enough; but this does not affect our contention, because we claim prose to be considerably the more difficult art. And if this be so, it will take longer to arrive at perfection. Nor do we see how our point can be disputed. To begin with, the assonances and chords of prose are as rich as those of poetry. In fact, they are precisely the same. Vowel chimes with vowel and consonant melts into consonant in the one as in the other. The very ear of Virgil is as desirable for building a paragraph as for constructing an hexameter. The sound of such lines as—

“Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.”
or, “O socii—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum
O tessi crassiora, debet deus his onusque finim.”

will but adorn prose, when attained: and already some prose passages have come near to attaining to it. If we take metres, however, those of verse are primitive and easily learned: you can make a serviceable plan of any one of them. What, after all, is the metre of our common iambic blank verse, but this—

on to give an example —

1000 körül a műszaki dolgyi városrészben

The metres of prose, on the other hand, and its rhythms are, as far as we know, infinite. Of course they are not really infinite; but their number and variety are such that nobody has, as yet, seriously attempted to classify them. Let us take a couple of examples, the first from the Song of Solomon:

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The second, which we take at random almost, is the lament of Marty South over Giles Winterborne's grave, upon the last page of Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders".

"Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you did,

But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wryng, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forgot your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!"

There is an astonishing beauty in the rhythms of both of these two passages. But who, as yet, could reduce them to rule, as he could reduce the most complicated ode? The fact is that in prose we have undertaken to master an instrument a thousand times more difficult than poetry. And the value of this instrument is not to be judged by the imperfect harmonies that have hitherto been wrung from it, but by the possibilities it contains.

It must be added, too, that, as the excellence of all art depends ultimately upon selection and rejection of all unessential ornament, prose (when it is mastered) is bound to give higher art than poetry. Hazlitt, in the essay to which we have already made allusion, speaks of the difficulty which a poet finds in writing prose, owing to its intolerance of epithet and ornament. "A direct or simple prose style," says he, "seems to them bald or flat; and instead of forcing an interest in the subject by severity of description and reasoning, he is repelled from it altogether by the absence of those obvious and meretricious allurements by which his senses have been hitherto stimulated and dazzled." But surely his difficulty is all to the credit of prose: for the more sternly an artist turns his face from these "meretricious allurements" the more does his art profit.

The conclusion seems to be that we must expect no more poets and should feel reasonably glad to be quit of them. The dearth has been coming upon us very gradually; but if we look back upon the "Victorian age"—as it is the custom to call it—we find few eminent poems that are not lyrical, *i.e.*, rapturously expressive of simple emotions. "Maud"—which most judges will allow to be the first poem of that age—is but a string of lyrics; and in lyrics we have not advanced a pace beyond the Elizabethans. Indeed, it is pretty generally conceded that we have fallen back. It will hardly be contended that Browning wore with ease the fetters of prosody. Swinburne cleaves to the old gods and, as a consequence, has sold his soul and bartered his glorious promise for a rhythm or two. And who arises to take their place?

Because nobody arises we are all lamenting that poesy is dead in the land. Would it not be wiser to admit that she has died a very natural death, and cheerfully to await the growth of her more promising daughter?

THE SILVER STREAK.

MY morning paper contained an article telling me how to enjoy five hours of sea-air in a day trip from London. But it was a trip to Clacton-on-Sea which it recommended, and the proposal had no charms for me. The river has its merits, but the "sea-air" which it provides is slightly lacking in ozone. In another column I found something better. It was the weather forecast, and it promised a gale in the Channel. With the memory of many a rough crossing in my mind, what could hold out a better prospect for a man anxious to drink the sea-breezes at their best than a trip to Calais on this windy September morning? It can be done so easily, and for the good sailor the trip itself is so enjoyable, that the wonder is it is not more popular with that large section of the people of London who lose no opportunity of escaping from the smoke of the town. Eleven o'clock found me in the train at Charing Cross, and as Big Ben tolled the first stroke of the hour, we slowly moved out across the bridge. We were a small party; for the outward rush of summer tourists was manifestly

over. Nearly half the passengers by us were foreigners; but here and there a plebeian seeker bound for Switzerland or the Italian lakes was to be seen. Quickly our train ran through the purlieus of that dismal part of London which lies south of the Thames between Westminster and London bridges; quickly it ran into Cannon Street, and after a moment's pause sped forth again on its flight to the coast. Then for an hour and a half we were being whirled through the delightful Kentish scenery; past hills on which the purple heather was glistening in the sun; past hop-gardens now in their fullest glory; past corn-fields bearing sad traces of the recent storms. It was a great garden through which we were being borne at the rate of forty miles an hour, and there are worse places than a well-cushioned first-class carriage from which to observe the beauties of a smiling summer's landscape. At Sandling Junction the train stopped for a moment in its flight, and one asked the reason why, and dimly wondered if the fact that certain eminent journalists have fixed their summer homes at Sandgate and Hythe could have anything to do with it. Then on again, and lo! at Folkestone the sea, with the white horses sparkling gloriously far out across the Channel. "I will be very ill," moaned the French gentleman who sat opposite to me as he pointed to the rolling waves. "Not a bit of it!" I replied, with that delightful optimism with which one contemplates another's miseries.

Away past the abortive Channel Tunnel Works, away through the gloomy Dover station, and almost before we have time to realise the fact, we have left the train on Dover Pier, and are standing on the deck of the good ship *Empress*. Now comes the first fun of an expedition like ours. Our train has brought but few passengers; but that from Victoria, which comes in directly after us, is heavily laden. The usual types are all here, the types which a hundred novelists (of whom the present writer, alas! is one) have described to weariness. It is tiresome to read of them; but it is a pleasure to watch them and study their varied characteristics. Among them, too, one sees more than the average number of pretty English girls, with faces flushed and hair disordered in their struggle with the howling wind, now clearly promising us a "dusting" in our trip to Calais. Down-stairs in the refreshment bar are the old salts, stolidly provisioning themselves for the voyage from the substantial English fare spread upon the table. Here, too, is the French traveller (new style), who when he reckons up accounts with the steward, is called upon to pay for three glasses of sherry, one bottle of beer, one gin-and-soda, and a flask of brandy. The brandy is for consumption *en route*; the wine, beer, and gin have in some marvellous fashion been swallowed in the bare ten minutes he has as yet spent upon the vessel.

On deck again! With little noise and less waste of time we have cast loose from the pier, where one or two hands are waved to us from among the small crowd of spectators, and away we go on our trip across Channel. A sea catches us almost as soon as we have gone beyond the shelter of the mighty pier, and those who are forward enjoying their cigars are driven back amidships into the midst of the general company. In a few minutes more we are rolling in fine style, with the white Dover cliffs standing up sheer in the sunshine behind us, and the French coast showing plainly ahead. One Channel passage is very much like another. What is noticeable this morning is the fact that though the boat is unquestionably lively, very few of the passengers are sick. Is it because we travel more than was the case formerly, and are thus becoming accustomed to the sea? or is it that the new style of Channel steamers is so great an improvement upon the old style? Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains, that on this outward journey scarcely a sick person can be seen on deck. A glorious eighty minutes we spend in crossing from harbour to harbour. The

Channel waves sport around us; the spray flies over our bows in iridescent clouds; now and again some small vessel goes by curtseying gaily, and the air is the air of the sea that one knows and loves. It could not be fresher, purer or more exhilarating if we were in the middle of the Atlantic. One thinks of the Clacton boat and shudders at the thought.

If Mr. Clark Russell had been aboard we should have had adventures innumerable wherewith to diversify this plain tale. As it was, nobody fell overboard; we sighted no ship in distress; we had not even the pleasure of seeing a flying rogue captured by the police. Before half past two we had entered the new port of Calais, and had been berthed opposite the Terminus Hotel. With no luggage to think about, and free even from the worry attendant upon securing a corner seat for Paris or a sleeping-berth for Bâle, the humble day-tripper is at leisure to enjoy all the pleasures of that sudden transference from the streets of London to foreign soil which never seem to pall upon even the oldest of travellers. Different faces, different dresses, a different tongue, and even one imagines a different atmosphere, all strike upon the senses at once and give rise to the delusion that days have passed rather than hours since we left Charing Cross. The buffet in the new station at Calais is an improvement upon the old place; but the memories which belonged to the one are absent from the other, and I can no longer pick out the seat at the table at which, when Plancus was Consul, I tasted my first of foreign fare. But the luncheon is wholesome and appetising; the guests are cosmopolitan and amusing; the attendants are just as thoroughly French as though we were on the boulevards instead of being within sight of Shakespeare's Cliff; even the wine has that curious flavour which is peculiar to the vintage of a Gallie restaurant. There is no need for us to hurry; and yet, in sympathy with our neighbours, we finish our meal in time to see the two trains start, one for Paris and the other for Bâle direct. Of course we have made friends with some of the passengers on the trip across the Channel, so we can utter a hearty "*Bon voyage!*" to the young man on whom we first set eyes a couple of hours ago, and feel as we speed him on his first visit to Switzerland as though he were a younger brother treading—alas! at how great a distance—in one's own footsteps. Even ten minutes on French soil have sufficed to break down the stubborn barrier of insular reserve.

We have time for a stroll among the new docks and wharves of Calais, and for little chat with a group of fishermen, before the arrival of the train from Paris warns us that we must return to the deck of the *Empress*. A great host of travellers, returning from German baths and Swiss mountains, pour across the quay and crowd the *Empress*. They are brown and wholesome-looking, and almost appallingly English in appearance—where they do not happen to be American. Their talk is of Flomburg and Zermatt, of Aix and Lucerne. They look somewhat nervous at the prospect of the crossing, for the wind has risen, and is whistling shrilly through the rigging of the boats in the harbour. But almost before they have realised what is in store for them the *Empress* is well under way, and we are in the thick of it. "*It*" is by no means so bad as it looks—to the seasoned traveller; but apparently German baths and Swiss *table d'hôtes* do not conduce to any great fortitude of stomach, and very quickly there are many vacant places on deck, and some which would be all the more pleasing to the eye if they too were vacant. It is a delightful run back. The wind is against us, and we spend a quarter of an hour longer on the passage than we did in the morning. But we at least will not begrudge the time thus spent, as we drink in the fresh sea-breezes and delight in the occasional showers of spray which reach us in our sheltered perch behind the paddle-box. Nor can one ever be tired of the return to Dover on a bright afternoon like this, when town, castle, and cliffs are steeped in the sunshine,

and the whole place looks like the portal to an enchanted land. There are some among us, it must be confessed, who seem by no means sorry to find the ship settling down to a state of repose in the harbour. For them the crossing has been a bad one; but for us it has been the most delightful trip imaginable. Less than five hours after leaving it, we stand on Dover Pier again. Only five hours; and yet we seem to have had more of change and refreshment than a week at Clacton-on-Sea could have afforded. We have been free from the trammels of our daily routine, only for a moment, it is true; but the impression of that momentary escape remains, and sends us back to town with a new stock of health and spirits. Perhaps I doze in my corner in the railway carriage as I am carried to Victoria. At all events the time passes too swiftly to be tiresome, and when at my usual hour I sit down to dinner at the table at which I breakfasted less than twelve hours before, I can hardly realise the fact that in the interval I have had close upon five hours of sea-air and have lunched on the shores of France.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

V.—OUGHT WE TO BASHKIRTSEFF?

I AM a young English girl, fresh from a hurried perusal of the "Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff." There are some things in them which I myself might have written. Take, for instance, this sentence:

"Have the white curtains of my room folded, and remember what I said about the carpet."

It is the true woman—the truly ordinary woman—who speaks thus, and bids us to remember what she said about the carpet. The following sentence is rather more extraordinary:

"If God grants me grace to do what I wish, you shall see one woman, at least, dressed with some taste."

Here we have the spirit of the perfect clothes-peg, fixed in the vestibule of the Sunday-school. But even to write like that is not really to Bashkirtseff. I take it that Bashkirtseff is the offering by an intelligent woman of an epistolary friendship to a noted author with whom she is not personally acquainted—a desire for sympathy combined with a hatred of introductions. And I want to know if it could be, and should be, made popular in England. May we Bashkirtseff a little? Would Mrs. Grundy object to a crystallised, spiritual, innocuous, postal flirtation? Would critics speak of our "insatiable personality," or would they think us wildly sentimental? I believe there are hundreds of girls who are ready and willing to Bashkirtseff at once if only they could be reassured on these points. The rest is quite easy. First of all read a book; then in imagination construct the author; write to your conception of the author and tell him that you are very *comme il faut*; then, if he does not reply, write again to tell him that he himself is *bourgeois* in his private life. That counts one. Then read some other book, and write to some other author. Of course, a good player one who really understood the game would make rather more of the letters. She would be humorous occasionally. Here is an instance of the humorous passage taken from the great model:

"Are you satisfied with my docility? If so, unfasten another button of your waistcoat and think of me when the twilight shades are following."

Unfortunately, English girls do not understand *bardiancy*. They have not the requisite delicacy. They would never reach the level of the passage which I have quoted. However, a study of the great model might help them to some extent in this respect. We should be better suited, I fancy, to the sentimental part of the game. How one could

plough up the heart of a melancholy young novelist with a couple of lines of feminine sympathy! The great model has shown us how to do it:

"I could wish you to be alone and in need of pity."

If one might only Bashkirself a little, one would feel so deliciously romantic. I can imagine a girl-friend pointing me out to another girl-friend, and saying, "How pale and soulful she is looking this afternoon!" Then, in a whisper: "She's been Bashkirselfing a good deal lately, you know." Then the other girl-friend would come up to me afterwards and ask me if I could bear to speak of it. And, of course, I should say, "No! not for worlds!" and tell her all about it slowly. It would be so gorgeously secret and so sweet! Again, it would not only be romantic, but it would also be safe, without being too safe. To be too safe is to be ordinary and commonplace.

We ought also to look at it from the author's point of view. There can be no doubt that if Bashkirselfing became fashionable it would make a great difference to the authors in more ways than one. A writer would no longer be asked if he had been well reviewed, but if he had been badly Bashkirselfed. Far more stories would be written with melancholy conclusions, for no girl would be so foolish as to Bashkirself a man who was obviously happy and did not need her sympathy. We should begin to realise more and more how horribly vulgar it is to be happy. On the other hand, I have been told that successful authors are a busy folk, and that some of them are so *bourgeois*—not to say, commercial—that they would grudge the time devoted to the conduct of a proper Bashkirselfery; and of course one would not Bashkirself any author who was not successful. Again, men are very fickle. No woman would allow herself to Bashkirself more than one author at once, but there are some authors who would allow themselves to be Bashkirselfed by several women at the same time—not because they really needed the sympathy and literary friendship of more than one, but from sheer vanity or from a disgusting want of seriousness. This could be prevented by an advertisement in the daily press, something in this style:

"I hereby announce that I have acquired all rights of Bashkirselfing the author of 'My Sins and Sorrows.' Trespassers will be prosecuted. Signed, etc."

But if we had the advertisements, what would become of the romantic secrecy?

It really is a very difficult question. I am afraid it cannot be settled until we have heard the definite opinion of Mrs. Grundy and of the principal English authors—I mean those authors who are young and unmarried. Personally, I think that Bashkirselfing might become a fashionable pastime, in full accord with the restless, serious spirit of the age. But I could not dream of Bashkirselfing any author until I knew if I ought to do it. I could never, never do anything that I ought not to do. And this is the harder because I feel sure that I could Bashkirself rather well, and I have already picked out an author upon whom to begin as soon as I can get this question settled.

But how *am* I to get it settled?

THE DRAMA.

THE autumn begins well. It has already brought us an unusually heavy crop of stone-fruit and an unusually good Drurodrama. (This last I offer as a portmanteau word, a contraction of Drury-Lane-Autumn-Melodrama, *i.e.* that particular species of the genus melodrama which is produced at Drury Lane Theatre every autumn. It is time that that thing, being distinct, had a distinct name.) Why I should mentally associate the fact that the little plum-tree over against the Forty-Acre meadow has

this year yielded three bushels of fruit with the fact that *A Sailor's Knot* is a good Drurodrama, I hardly know. Perhaps it is because Drurodramas no less than plums are natural products, fruits which the earth brings forth in due season. They both come in early autumn. They both last till Christmas, when they are superseded by oranges and pantomimes. And they are both this year above the average. The exceptional abundance of the plums I do not profess to account for. It is possibly connected with the working of the Free Education Act. There will be more stones for children of the first standard to play the game of "this year, next year, some time, never" with, and it is expected, therefore, that there will be more passes in arithmetic; but this is only conjecture. About the unusual excellence, however, of the Drurodrama I have a theory which I can recommend with perfect confidence. It is the result of two causes: the visit of the German Emperor to the City, and the opening of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. The argument is simple and convincing. First Cause: Because the German Emperor visited the City Mr. Harris was made Sir Augustus. Because Mr. Harris was made Sir Augustus he had no leisure to collaborate (as in previous years he has collaborated) in the writing of the Drurodrama. Because Sir Augustus has not collaborated in the Drurodrama it is—but you perceive the conclusion, and, ejaculating Q.E.D., I pass to my Second Cause. That is even more obvious than the other. The Naval Exhibition has done for the unlettered (which is only another way of saying, the Drury-Lane-frequenting) Londoner what Smollett and Marryat have long since done for his intellectual betters; it has revealed to him the fact that the British Navy has a picturesque past. And it has reminded Mr. Henry Pettitt that, while the Tommy Atkins of 1815 or thereabouts was falling into that thin red line of which you have heard, Jack Tar was wearing a pigtail, his officers were trussed up in tight uniforms of diverting ugliness, and the Press-gang was going up and down in the land seeking whom it might devour. Accordingly, *A Sailor's Knot* reproduces these quaint historic curiosities on the stage of Drury Lane. All are there, the pigtailed appended to the "supers," the uniforms subjecting the portly forms of Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Charles Glenney to close confinement, and the ubiquitous, mysterious, irresistible Press-gang playing the part which Destiny played in Greek tragedy. Add the quelling of a mutiny on board one of King George's ships, the glimpse of a cat-o'-nine-tails, several thunderous tirades on the theme that Britons never, never will be, etc., and you perceive that *A Sailor's Knot* contains all the materials for a successful Drurodrama. And if there be one Drurodramatist who may be more confidently expected than another to mix, stir, and serve those materials in nicely adjusted proportions, Mr. Henry Pettitt is he. Long experience of the public appetite for strong emotions and romantic adventure has conferred on Mr. Pettitt the primacy of melodrama. He is the D'Ennery of the English stage. Fortune, the gossips say, has rewarded this adroit purveyor of theatrical crudities and claptrap more liberally than any other playwright of our time. Well—*non olet*, I suppose, and, perhaps, on the principle of the Miltonic Satan, it is better to reign in Drurodrama than serve in Art. The highly coloured, full-blooded acting of Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Millward, and the rest, seems to me quite the right thing in the right place. The complaint which has been raised in some quarters that these players are too "noisy" strikes one as curiously perverse. It is like the complaint of the guest who disliked the port. "Not like my port!" said the aggrieved host, "why, it is thick, it is black, it is sweet—what more can you want?" Noise, I take it, is one of the chief attractions of melodrama to its average patrons. A few of us may privately think that the ideal

melodrama would be one played in dumb pantomime, between the acts, in pitch darkness; but to ask for this just yet would be a little premature.

One must not be too querulous about Drudrama, for, after all, there are theatrical afflictions more grievous to endure. For instance, there is the American "Variety" play, of which *My Sweetheart*, now being performed by Miss Minnie Palmer at the Vaudeville, was one of the first, and may, one hopes, seeing that it has already lasted ten years, prove to be one of the last. Miss Palmer's kicks and grimaces, her flaxen wig, her sun-bonnet, her short skirts, her clocked stockings, serve as the pretext, but not as the excuse, for a farago of rubbish compared with which the average music-hall "sketch" is a work of high literary merit.

But, happily, "variety" players are not our only theatrical imports from America. This week the Daly Company is once more at the Lyceum, and once more we are privileged to enjoy the incomparable art of Miss Ada Rehan. Is it art, or is it nature? The mutinous grace, the exuberant frolic, the whims and wiles of this delightful type of American womanhood seem to be a natural, spontaneous effervescence rather than things of method and calculation. All journalists must be her willing slaves, for she alone of her sex allows them to bring in their three King Charles's Heads all at once. Need I say that I refer to the Everlasting Feminine, the Joy of Living, and the Time Spirit—each and all of which "she surprises by herself," incarnates, and illuminates? Yet this Child of Nature is not, I believe, to everyone's taste; there are churls who carp at her eccentric costumes, and others who call her a kitten in petticoats. For my own poor part, I have long been the hopeless victim of *rehanitis*, and—as, you remember, Philippe Dherblay says of his wife in *Le Maître de Forges*—whatever this lady does, *je le tiens pour bien fait*. Her old playfellows, Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew, and the rest, have returned to us with all their old imperturbability, good humour, and mental alertness, unimpaired, all playing together with a smoothness which no English comedy company has been able to show since the Bancrofts ruled at the old Prince of Wales's. But not even the excellence of the Daly players can reconcile me to the puerility of the Daly plays. The farees of Mosenthal, Von Schönthal, and the other Teutonic—very Teutonic—humorists which Mr. Augustus Daly so obstinately persists in adapting are, in themselves, beneath contempt. *A Night Off*, which opens the present season, is one of the worst of this bad kind. That the players should get such admirable effects out of material so little admirable almost tempts one to accept the theory that acting, after all, is a creative rather than an interpretative art.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

WE regret to see the announcement of the death of the DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS GALWAY, sister of the late LORD HOUGHTON. Like her famous brother, LADY GALWAY had lived a full life, and had been the intimate friend of numerous persons of distinction, not only in this country, but abroad. Her early life in Italy, where she resided for some years at Milan and Venice, was full of interest, and inspired her with the deep love for that country which she retained to the day of her death. It will strike many persons as strange that a lady who has passed away during the present week should first have seen the sights of Venice in the company of a gentleman who had lived there under the Doges. This was the case with LADY GALWAY, however, and to the last she was able to recall the anecdotes which she had heard from her relative, MR. MATTHEWS, regarding Venetian life under the old régime.

HER literary friendships were numerous and valuable. CARLYLE has given a graphic but flattering description of the young beauty, as he first saw her when he went to Fryston in 1811, as the guest of MONCKTON MILNES, and she had many delightful reminiscences of the philosopher. In later years her chief literary friendship was that which she maintained to the last with ROBERT BROWNING. He seldom passed a Sunday in London when she was in town without going to see her. TENNYSON was one of the friends of her youth, and it seems but the other day that she told an amusing story of her first meeting with the Laureate. It was very soon after the close of his college days, when he went to her father's house at Bawtry to stay with his fellow-student, RICHARD MILNES. The young girl had read some of TENNYSON's verses, and was excited by the thought of meeting, for the first time in her life, a poet of real eminence. She suffered a melancholy surprise when, on suddenly entering her brother's room, she discovered the poet seated with his head in the fire-place, in order that the smoke of his pipe (detested by RICHARD MILNES) might escape by the chimney, whilst a huge jug of beer on the floor beside him bore testimony to the particular kind of nectar which he preferred.

LIKE her brother, LADY GALWAY was for the greater part of her life a personal friend of MR. GLADSTONE, to whose high intellectual qualities she always did justice. But, unlike her brother, she was a strong Tory by inclination and conviction, and her political idol was the late LORD BEACONSFIELD. With him she and her husband had been on terms of close intimacy for many years, and she had much to say of him, both in his earlier and later days. With the ex-Royal Family of France and with the Austrian Imperial Family she had been acquainted almost from girlhood, and among her many interesting experiences was the visit she paid to Claremont to see KING LOUIS PHILIPPE and his wife, immediately after their arrival in this country in 1848. A familiar figure in London Society, her death snaps another of the links binding the present generation to the past.

THE air has been full during the past week of the Mahatmas and their mysterious letters to the favoured MRS. BESANT. The *Daily Chronicle* in particular has revelled in the occultism of the Theosophists, even as the *Daily Telegraph* has been revelling for weeks past in its discussion of the great Drink Question. But it is to be feared that the correspondence on the subject of the Mahatmas' letters hardly carries us much farther. Those who choose to take the whole story of these nonsensical epistles on the faith of MRS. BESANT may do so, regardless of the fact that many another honest person before her has been deceived by imaginary phenomena such as those she has described for the benefit of her disciples. Ordinary persons will decline to discuss a question which they are not allowed to handle according to the common rules of evidence, and will leave MRS. BESANT and her friends to the full enjoyment of a faith which is content to set at naught not only the laws of reason but those of Nature.

THE new word across the Channel is "Parisianism." It stands for one of those things that are felt but cannot be expressed; and if you strike at it with a definition it shifts its ground, and may vanish like a ghost. It is, indeed, hardly even possible to say what it is not. Parisianism commenced with the younger DUMAS; and if, on that ground, it were to be asserted that *blague* does not enter into the spirit of it, because DUMAS Fils always writes with a

purpose, and with as much gravity as MATTHEW ARNOLD, we are immediately brought face to face with the MEILHAC-HALÉNY plays and the music of OFFENBACH, which, distilling Parisianism in every word and note, live, move, and have their being in *blague*, and *blague* alone.

M. JULES GUILLEMOT makes a bold attempt to define Parisianism. He says it is a refined scepticism; a consuming desire to attract attention; a need, so urgent, to be distinguished from the herd, that one would willingly walk on one's head in order not to go about in the same way as *les bons bourgeois*; a desperate fear of appearing *naïf*, and of being confounded with the man who believes in progress; the result of all this is a certain tendency to *blague*. Even in DUMAS, the man of doctrines, of convictions, of enthusiasm, M. GUILLEMOT can find an unconscious *blagueur*, a *blagueur* in spite of himself.

It is this fear of appearing ingenuous, this terror of being supposed to believe in things, that M. GUILLEMOT thinks the most distinguishing feature of Parisianism; and the chief evil he anticipates from it is the ruin of the French drama. Surely the French drama will be ruined if all Paris becomes disingenuous and thoroughly sceptical, just as when the sky falls there will be great catching of larks. M. GUILLEMOT credits himself with boldness in affirming—what CARLYLE and RUSKIN could have told him long ago—that a thorough sceptic never wrote a good play. You can write a good play if you only believe in the devil; but you mustn't be a *blagueur*, confounding good and evil.

PARISIANISM, its expounder asserts, is in direct opposition to the French genius. It is in "the world's inn," in the Paris of railways, in that perennial fair where modern invention gives scope to every fancy, in the cosmopolitan crowd where the native is lost like a drop in the ocean, that Parisianism has taken being, retaining nothing of the old national spirit to be found in RABELAIS, MONTAIGNE, MOLIÈRE, VOLTAIRE, BEAUMARCHAIS even, except perhaps a little Gallic causticity.

A SECOND series of "Mémoires des Autres" (TESTARD ET FLAMMARION) comes from the pen of M. JULES SIMON. He says that it will perhaps be his last book; but that is supposed to be a coquettish menace. Nobody can tell a story better than M. SIMON, with such archness, such good-nature, and such artful spontaneity. He possesses in an unrivalled degree the capacity of losing himself in delightful digressions, only to finish in better style than *raconteurs* who make straight for the goal.

THERE is nothing in M. SIMON's new volume quite equal to *Libert*, the heartrending drama of the first "Mémoires des Autres," but *Un Crime, Le Serment*, and *Thérèse*, three cases of conscience, are all good—the first, a literary episode, the second, political, and the third, domestic.

THE question of BOSWELL's perplexing character is really an interesting and fascinating subject. CARLYLE and MR. LESLIE STEPHEN are hitherto the best apologists of the erratic Scotch advocate who "lived laxly in the world;" but full information regarding his life has not been accessible in a comprehensive form. MR. PERCY FITZGERALD offers us in two volumes a "Life of James Boswell" (CHATTO), for which, during many years, he has been collecting materials. He hopes that the reader will be both surprised and gratified by the amount of new and interesting details which he has gathered together.

If the size of the work is any indication of the novelty of its contents, we may conclude that this is an original and exhaustive "history and theory" of JAMES BOSWELL.

IT was COOPER who suggested an examination of BOSWELL's "Life of Johnson," undertaken with reference, not to JOHNSON, but to BOSWELL himself. He anticipated from such an undertaking the discovery that BOSWELL was insane. MR. FITZGERALD, in his chapter entitled "Boswell Self-revealed," pursues this inquiry, not as a special pleader, and thinks that he has discovered the key to BOSWELL's abundant disquisitions on religion, and his pleadings for lapses in morality. But this is trenching on criticism. It is interesting to note that the manuscript of MR. FITZGERALD's work left his hands on May 16, 1891, exactly a hundred years after the publication of BOSWELL's "Johnson."

LADY VICTORIA WELBY-GREGORY has done a service to the reading public by her pamphlet—"Witnesses to Ambiguity" (published by CLARKE, of Grantham), of which the second edition is now before us. Students of philosophy will of course be familiar both with the extreme indefiniteness of connotation attaching to certain words, especially philosophical terms, and with a good many of the passages quoted. But the reading public as a body is innocent of logical training, and may be led by the extracts of which the book is a collection to realise that precise definition is the beginning as it is the end of knowledge. It is a pity someone does not do the same work for the current political terms of the day.

BOTH the translator's preface and the introduction to the "Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff" (CASSELL) are, if one may say so, in a strain of over-wrought sentiment, but they are happily short; and the hundred letters are there—to ZOLA, to EDMOND DE GONCOURT, to SULLY-PRUDHOMME, to all MARIE's relations. The book contains several portraits, and is charmingly bound.

THE peculiar interest which attaches to last things belongs to DR. AUSTIN PHELPS'S "Note-book" (UNWIN). A letter from his publishers acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript of the work was the last which DR. PHELPS read—or, rather, which was read to him. "If I can only live till this book is done, I shall be content to go," he wrote to a friend. His wish was granted. The contents of "My Note-book" are a selection from the accumulated memoranda of forty years. They are fragments; but the major portion of every man's thinking is fragmentary. There is a good portrait of DR. PHELPS.

PARTLY to interest the members of a family, and partly for the sake of preserving for future historians of Canada some additional records of a memorable time, the publication of the "Ridout Letters" was taken in hand. Under the title of "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War" (UNWIN) the letters written to and from THOMAS RIDOUT between 1805 and 1815 have been edited by his daughter. With appendices they make a fine large octavo volume. RIDOUT was Deputy Assistant-Commissioner-General during the war of 1812, and cashier to the Bank of Upper Canada from 1822 to 1861.

THE verse of the week includes two new volumes of MR. ALFRED H. MILES'S "Poets and Poetry of the Century" (HUTCHINSON), the first, "From Southey to Shelley," treating of poets born between 1774 and 1792, the second, "From Keats to Lord Lytton," extending the birth year to 1805. "Dagonet Ditties"

(CHATTO), by GEORGE R. SIMS, and "Translations in Verse" (STOCK), by COLLARD J. STOCK, are also published this week.

A SET OF MISS MARIE CORELLI'S works (as published by MESSRS. BENTLEY) has been sent to Balmoral at the special request of the Queen.

THE COUP DE THÉÂTRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 5th.

THE Palace has won a game against the Porte, and the Sultan has treated us to a genuine *coup de théâtre*. Having twice postponed the annual Regatta which is under his patronage and which is consequently attended by his Ministers and the foreign representatives, he ordered it to take place on Thursday last, and while all the world was amusing itself he issued a decree, removing the Grand Vizier and most of the Ministers, and appointing a new Ministry. It was an absolute surprise to all—and that night every man asked his neighbour, "What does it mean?" It may be easier to answer this question a week hence, when this letter is published, than it is to-day; but certain things are obvious to-day which will not be changed, and these may be stated with confidence.

The composition of the new Ministry is a sufficient proof of the fact that it represents a triumph of the Palace and the occult influences which control the Sultan over the legitimate power of the official administration of the Porte. The Ministry of Kiamil Pacha has lasted for six years; and although the Sultan allows no initiative to his Ministers, and treats them as clerks, they still have an immense power of obstruction in their hands and many ways of influencing the Sultan. Kiamil Pacha is a strong man, and has generally used his influence wisely.

The new Ministry is made up of men who must have been selected on account of their magnificence or their absolute subserviency to the dictation of the Palace. Understand that, by the Palace, I mean not the Sultan alone, but the officials who surround him, and are more or less successful in controlling him. The new Grand Vizier, Djevad Pacha, has been Minister to Montenegro, and is now *ad interim* Governor in Crete. The Minister of War, Riza Pacha, was the commander of the guards of the Palace. The Sheik-ul-Islam, Djemaleddin Effendi, was a secretary (*Mektonbâji*) in the administration of that Department. The Minister of Justice, another Riza Pacha, holds over from the old Ministry, as do several others. The strongest man among them is Hassan Pacha, the Minister of Marine, who has held that office for some years, and is now said to be the richest man in Constantinople.

The peculiar character of this new Ministry gives a certain plausibility to the theory that the sudden change was brought about by the fear of a revolution. A number of arrests have been quietly made within a few weeks, and there have been plenty of sinister rumours afloat of plots against the Sultan. No one has given much credence to them, but with such a secret police as the Sultan now has, and such an elaborate system of espionage as is maintained, it is necessary for the police to discover or invent a plot every now and then to justify their own loyalty. And, unhappily, the Sultan is easily deceived. He is even possessed by the idea that Sir William White may some day follow the example of Sir Henry Elliott and depose him by force. Under these circumstances, it is always probable that a change of Ministry results from something which has alarmed the Sultan. It is well known that several things happened last week which did alarm him—the gas in the Palace suddenly went out during the great storm of last Saturday—a box of fireworks accidentally exploded near him on the evening of his *frête*—an unexplained meeting took

place at the house of one of the Ministers. These things, properly magnified by the secret police, would be enough to account for almost anything at the Palace; and I have very little doubt that something of this kind, rather than important political measures, led to the change of Ministry.

It does not follow, however, that there may not be some truth in the theory of those who look upon this change as favourable to France and Russia, although it is simple nonsense to speak of it as a grand Franco-Russian triumph. France and Russia have been trying to bring the Sultan into an anti-English and anti-Triple-Alliance frame of mind, if not into an actual alliance with them, and Kiamil Pacha, the Grand Vizier, stood in their way. It may be a gain to them and an aid to their intrigues to be rid of him, but at the same time it is perfectly certain that neither Russia nor France, nor Palace intrigues nor Ministers, can ever persuade the Sultan to join with Russia in any war whatsoever, or to make war with England in Egypt. There are many things that he ought to do which he may be persuaded not to do—but it is a very different thing to induce him to do what he ought not to do—in any great political question. He understands the politics of Europe and the interests of Turkey in her relation to other Powers as well as any statesman in Europe, and although he may be frightened into changing his Grand Vizier, he will never be frightened into believing that Russia is the friend of Turkey, or that his interests can be identical with those of the Czar.

In my opinion the change of Ministry is an unfortunate one for Turkey—but it only indirectly concerns Europe as it may weaken the Administration here and lead to internal troubles. France and Russia are doing what they can to make trouble. We have the Egyptian Question, the Dardanelles Question, the indemnity for the Russians, Crete, Arabia, Macedonia, Bulgaria—and many other excuses for Russian and French interference, which are not neglected by them. But this does not mean war—at present.

JUNIOR.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 7th. I was one year old this morning; and this evening we arrived back in town from Newquay, Cornwall, where we have been spending the holidays for the sake of my health, as papa has not scrupled to blurt out, once or twice, in my presence. There is a strain of coarseness in papa; or perhaps I should say—for the impression it leaves is primarily negative, as of something *manqué*—an incompleteness in the sensitive equipment. As yet it can hardly be said to embarrass me; though I foresee a time when I shall have to blush for it before strangers. But then he is so splendidly healthy. He left our compartment at Bristol and did not return again until the train stopped at Swindon. In the interval, mamma took me from nurse and endeavoured to hush me to sleep by singing—

"Bye, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting, . . ."

—which was untrue, for he had merely withdrawn to a smoking compartment. Still, but a month back, I could have accepted the explanation, for our family belongs to what is vulgarly termed the "upper class" and my father inherits its crude and primitive instincts, among them a passion for the chase. His appearance, as he re-opened the door of our compartment, oppressed me for the hundredth time with a sense of its superabundant, and even riotous, vitality. His cheeks were glowing and his whiskers sprouted like cabbages on either side of his otherwise clean-shaven face. An indefinable flavour of the sea mingled with the odour of tobacco which he diffused about the carriage. It seemed as if the virile breezes of that sluggy Cornish coast still blew about him; and I felt again that constriction of the chest from which I had suffered during the past month.

After all, it is good to be back in London. Newquay, with its obvious picturesqueness, its violent colouring, its sands, rocks, breakers and bye-laws regulating the costume of bathers—I was on the point of telling mamma that it suggested the Fine Art Society's rooms afflicted with a one-man scrofula in the shape of Brett, R.A., but remembered that I hadn't yet learned to talk. How far more subtle these grey and dun-coloured opacities, these tent-cloths of fog pressed out into uncouth, dumbly pathetic shapes by the struggle for existence that seethes below it always—always! Decidedly I will begin to-morrow to practise walking. It seems a necessary step towards acquainting myself with the inner life of these toiling millions, which must be well worth knowing. Papa, on arriving at our door, plunged into an altercation with a cab tout. What a man! *C'est effrayant*; and yet sometimes I could almost envy his robust buoyancy. A Huntley and Palmer's nursery biscuit in a little hot water has somewhat quieted my nerves, which suffered cruelly during the scene. I believe I shall sleep to-night.

Tuesday, 8th. The beginning of *Sturm und Drang*; I am learning to walk. Moreover I have fancied in myself, during the day, a tendency to fall in love with my nurse. On the pretence that walking might give me baulky legs she caught me up and pressed me to her bosom. We have no affinities; indeed beyond cleanliness and a certain unreasoning honesty, she can be said to possess no attributes at all. I am convinced that a serious affection for her would be nothing short of intellectual suicide; and yet for a while I abandoned myself. We went out into the bright streets together, and it was delicious to be propelled by her strong arms. We halted, on our way to Kensington Gardens, to listen to a German band. The voluptuous waltz-music affected me strangely, and I was sorry that, owing to my position in the vehicle, her face was hidden from me. In the midst of my ecstasy, a square object on wheels came round the street corner. It was painted a bright vermilion and bore the initials of K.V., "Kytherea Viatrix!" I cried in my heart; but as it passed, at a slow pace, it rained a flood of tears upon the dusty road-way. For some time after I sat in a strange calm, but with a sensation in the region of the diaphragm as if I had received a severe blow; and in truth I had. But the shock was salutary, and by the time that nurse and I were seated together by the Round Pond, I was able to listen to her talk without a quiver of the eyelids. Poor soul! What malefic jest of Fate led her to select the story of Georgie-Porgie?

"Georgie-Porgie, pudding and pie."

It was as irrelevant as life itself, and strangely real. "Pudding and pie." It struck the key-note of this simple narrative which, in a line or two, sums up the history of man's conduct towards woman, and lays an unerring finger upon his motives.

"Kissed the girls and made them cry."

I knew the sequel; and saw my own path, too, mapped out before me. I must not fight against the instincts that run in my blood, as in every man's, but must regard her heart as no more than a curious toy, to be flung aside when broken. It will make a good novel, some day. The poor child has no "followers." If she had, I, of all people, should know of it.

Wednesday, 9th. I am much troubled by some reflections that have occurred to me on the subject of heredity. It terrifies me to think that I shall grow up like papa. Mamma, too, is hardly less a savage; she wore diamonds in her hair when she came up to the nursery, late last night, to look at me. She believed that I was asleep; but I wasn't, and I never in my life felt so sorry that I couldn't speak. The appalling barbarism of those ornaments!

It is raining—the sky doing its best to resemble a Corot, and I am forced to stay indoors and play with my ark. Nurse's father called upon her during the morning. He is one of the submerged

tenth, and extremely interesting: only I doubt if he will feel it acutely when I tell nurse that I am tired of her, and she carries home her broken heart to be healed. She is looking pale to-day; but this may be because I cried half the night and kept her awake. The fact is, I was cutting a tooth. I have given up trying to walk; but have some idea of learning somnambulism instead.

Thursday, 10th. To-day I was spanked for the first time. When I've stopped crying, I mean to analyse my sensations at the time.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NATIONALISATION OF CATHEDRALS."

SIR,—Your vigorous reply to my article on "The Nationalisation of Cathedrals" suggests to me a correction in a passage which you quote, that I fully intended to make in the article. In the list of "prominent men" in the Church, please read "prominent bishops." They were the Churchmen I had in mind, and as a body I think they are correctly, if roughly, classified. They include two historians—Bishop Stubbs and Bishop Creighton. I have, however, done the Church no substantial injustice, for Dean Merivale and Dr. Bright, two men of real eminence in their sphere, were specifically mentioned by me, as were also the two historian bishops. I was not bound to include every Churchman of literary distinction, though I must say that the uncommonly thin list to which you refer contains one name with which I am not familiar. I fear that this is an age which knows not Jenkins, and that the "Privilege of Peter" is a sealed work to eyes so secular as mine. But perhaps it is necessary to distinguish between my interpretation of the word "scholar" and that which the author of your article has in his mind. Frankly, then, I spoke of men of the calibre of Porson, Paley, Conington, Jebb, and my withers are unstrung by your alarmed inquiry as to whether the Master of Harrow is "no scholar"? The Master of Harrow is, no doubt, an accomplished gentleman, with a creditable university career; but to rank him with men of the calibre of the late Dean Church is to confess the very weakness which I have exposed. Your proud production of a dead bishop in proof of the living virtues of the Church, and of *two* Oxford professorships remaining in the hands of an institution which once possessed the monopoly of the higher learning, points to precisely the same conclusion. Let me set against it this fact. In 1843, nine professorships at Cambridge—those of civil law, moral philosophy, natural philosophy, astronomy, anatomy, modern history, botany, chemistry, and geology—were held by clergymen. To-day they are all held by laymen. In science you tell us that the clergy are on the same level as other professions. Name one clergyman of first-rate eminence in science, a man as distinguished, say, as was the late Dean Buckland. Take any department you please, and apply the same process. Dean Buckland's name suggests the succession of Deans of Westminster during the last eighty years—Ireland, Buckland, Wilberforce, Stanley—and then Bradley! Compare the late with the present Dean of Wells—Plumptre with Jex Blake—or a Dean Burdon with a Dean Pigoen!

Two other points. It is not a fact that the occasional admission of laymen to Deaneries and Canonries is to be traced to sheer abuses comparable to those involved in the appointment of baby bishops. In 1550, for instance, the Dean and Chapter of Chichester passed a special ordinance to enable them to appoint one layman to the Chapter. Would it be so very terrible an innovation if the proposal of the Dean of Norwich (*Full Mall Gazette*, June 27th, 1891) that educated laymen, acting under the authority of the Bishops, should be made welcome to the cathedral naves, were a trifle extended in the direction I propose? I think not. How much of the religious effect of the services in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey is due to the genius of a Stainer or a Bridge? And yet, according to your article, it would be profanation to admit either of these men to the sacred precincts of the Chapter. Stanley would have sanctioned lay preachers—and there again we have a fairly near cry to lay deans.

I am glad to hear that the Liberation Society have in various quarters denied with indignation that they desire the control of the cathedrals after the disestablishment of the Church—which, of course, my proposal does not in any way forbid. But I fail to see how matters would be mended by leaving the cathedrals, a truly national possession and inheritance, in the hands of what would then be one sect among many. I regard the cathedrals as Samuel Taylor Coleridge regarded the Church, as instruments of national culture; and it is as such that I would preserve them. Surely there is nothing in such a proposal meriting your impeachment of my seriousness—the one quality above all others I desire to cherish and preserve.—Yours, etc.,

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, September 11th, 1891.

IT was confessed by Archdeacon Farrar, the other day, that with the best will in the world to be taught by the many criticisms of his books, he had never profited in the least by any of them. Now everybody will admit this to be a great pity; and the blame seems to lie with the critics. This author is, by common consent, a man of large intelligence, and his doctery is vouched for on the word of an Archdeacon. He came to the critics to be taught, and they taught him nothing. Nor is his complaint rare among authors; but it is so commonly mingled with sneers at all critical, as compared with creative, work, assertions of the critic's natural inferiority as a creature who, if books failed to appear, must die out of the world, "like the poor aphid or lowly caterpillar in the absence of vegetation," and talk of this kind, that tempers explode and the truth is blown into atoms.

Let us agree that this "caterpillar"-talk misses the mark; and, were the matter worth discussion, it might be pointed out that in most scales of organic life the caterpillar is preferred above the cabbage. Every piece of literary work is good or bad in itself, not because it belongs to this or that class. There is no magic in the headings "Epic Poetry," "History," "Fiction," "Criticism" to alter the work that is done under them; and I see nothing to be gained by contending that Matthew Arnold's "Critical Essays" are, in their nature, inferior to the latest shilling shocker, "creative" though it may be.

At the same time there is a deal of justice in the author's complaint—of just annoyance, not only with what the critic says, but also with his way of saying it. With regard to the second point—the manners of British criticism—we may own that the reviewers are, as a whole, good-natured; but there is a malevolent minority, and these ought to be shielded from temptation rather than from detection. And, good- or ill-natured, they all speak with a violent rudeness they would not dream of using to the author's face, or in letters to which they had to sign their names. The common defence of anonymous criticism is that it gives independence, and allows the public to be instructed without fear or favour. I don't know if the public really believes itself to be instructed without favour; but I, for one, see no reason why it should be instructed without fear. It seems to me that the office of public instructor is, or should be, a serious one; and should have a little healthy responsibility attached to it. But, if we take a meaner view of the critic's office, at least he should be as liable as any ordinary citizen to take the consequences of what he says. Nor does it display an enlightened notion of "independence" or "fearlessness" to set a man up behind a screen and let him shout what he pleases, secure of open rebuke.

It is simply amazing that our reviewers should resist the temptations of immunity as they do. But if the tradition of honesty have suffered little, that of good manners is clean decayed. The pen is a pointed weapon, and the impulse to stick it into people is hardly overcome even when the wielder flourishes it in the open. Witness the blood-mania that overcomes such a respectable old gentleman as Lord Grimthorpe, when he takes pen and ink to write to *The Times*. For even in a signed article the chances are that you shoot cruelly, simply because you cannot see where your arrows fall, nor how the victim suffers; for he catches the hurt by his own hearth, and hides his anguish in an inner room. To write the article, too, you must sit alone; and the tendency of every man who sits alone is to think of himself. The critic by his desk forgets his regard

for other people's feelings—that is to say, his good manners and tries before all things to be smart. Now promise this man that, however "smart" he may be, he is secure of detection and open shame; and we see what anonymity may do for criticism.

We cannot go back to the age of Queen Anne and write as Addison wrote. The splendid urbanity (for instance) of his famous paper on D'Urfe's "Benefit" has passed beyond the grasp of men who are unaccustomed to write just as they would talk in good society. Perhaps we would not write like Addison if we could, for, as Mr. Henley points out in his "Views and Reviews," we only care for the Augustan age in theory. "The Essayists," he says, "are often dull, but they write like scholars and gentlemen. They refrain from personalities, they let scandal alone," and so forth. Perhaps it is because they wrote "like scholars and gentlemen" that we find them dull; and, anyhow, we will agree not to imitate them. But it is one thing to yawn over Addison and quite another to be pleased with a respectable Review, in which I read (some little while back) a statement—unsigned—that Alphonse Daudet was a "cad." I thought at the time, and still think, that the gentleman who made this assertion ought to come forward and give the world (including M. Alphonse Daudet) his name.

Of the malevolent gentlemen who, from their shelter, are for ever advancing charges of plagiarism and other misdemeanours against authors of reputation it is perhaps unnecessary to say much. Herodotus, in his description of Libya, speaks of a curious tribe called the Atarantes. "These," the historian tells us, "are the only people we know of who have not personal names: for the name of Atarantes belongs to them collectively, but to the individual man no name is given." And what were the customs of this curious tribe? Herodotus knows of one only. "They curse," he says, "the sun as he passes over their heads, and moreover utter against him the foulest invectives." Against the Atarantes of to-day our authors have no weapon but contempt; and perhaps it is as well. No friend of journalism desires to see the law of libel made more stringent. At the same time I think the name of everyone who utters a charge of plagiarism ought to be published along with that charge: the unhappy author might at least be helped to keep his visiting-list clean.

To pass, however, from the manners of modern British criticism to its aims and duties—I was attacked once (though with great good humour) by a leader-writer in the *Daily News* for saying that it was a critic's duty to discover what was good in young or struggling authors and to help the public to see it. I instanced Dr. Johnson as a critic who did this and Matthew Arnold as a critic who did not: and it was answered by the leader-writer in the *Daily News* that young men of genius were proverbially disappointing colts, and that Matthew Arnold was a wise man to let them alone. Also some gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, wrote that Arnold on one occasion had been so much impressed by a young author's work that he sent the youth with the highest recommendations to some periodical or other. I may dismiss this bit of information at once as proving very little. Most men of letters have done a dozen such acts of kindness. But I was considering Arnold as a critic; and I ask if Arnold reviewed any of that young man's work and stamped it publicly with his approval?

To return to the writer in the *Daily News*. I quite admit that young men of genius are the most disappointing of colts; and I allow Arnold's worldly prudence. But, as it happened, the question of Arnold's worldly prudence was not under consideration. I was speaking of him as a critic. If he had not the pluck to say what he thought of the rising

authors of his day, then he missed one of the gifts of a good critic; and if he thought them of too little importance, when compared with Obermaier (for instance), then he failed to see what everybody has seen by this time, and was, again, by so much the less a critic. On the other hand, if he saw their importance, but preferred to treat literature as if it had closed with his own birth, then I grant that I spoke in my haste.

We are speaking now, however, of the reviewers, the "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality"; and I insist that this discovery of rising talent is a *part* of their proper functions. The whole duty of a reviewer is to discover what is good in any book and to help the public to see it. He is not concerned with discovering what is bad: *that* will perish of its own weakness. Nor is he a judge, set up to condemn any work; because the very worst book is not a crime. Nor is he given two columns' space wherein to cut his own antics before the public. Nor should he speak of any author as of one who has done him a personal injury: because he is paid for reading the book, and if he is underpaid, he should speak to his editor about it. Nor should he be rude in any way to the author, who, if appealed to in a proper spirit, would probably be quite ready to apologise.

It is not to be supposed that a man who reads a book knows as much about it as the man who has written it. Reviewers are really not engaged on that understanding by the most exacting editors. They are engaged as men who, by aptitude and training, are better able than the average reader to detect what is good in any given piece of writing, and their business is to point this out to the average reader. Now and then, to be sure, a damaging review may be worth consideration as an exhibition of cleverness, but never as a help to a right literary taste. Take the best-known example, Macaulay's review of Montgomery, and set it beside De Quincey's note "On the knocking in Macbeth," and you have all the difference that must always exist between a critic who is thinking of himself and a critic who is thinking of his subject.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE FLINDERS PETRIE PAPYRI.

THE FLINDERS PETRIE PAPYRI, WITH TRANSCRIPTIONS, COMMENTARIES, AND INDEX. By the Rev. John P. Mahaffy, D.D., F.T.C.I. Dublin: The Academy House. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

M. R. FLINDERS PETRIE, the famous discoverer of Naukratis, spent last year in exploring the neighbourhood of Hawara and Gurob, in the Fayum. Just north of Gurob, in the desert, he found a large cemetery dating from the times of the early Ptolemies, and therefore, we believe, unique among cemeteries. Mr. Petrie is not complimentary to the undertakers of the day. The coffins, he says, are unpainted, and thin; in shape they are like "bassoon cases inverted." The only decorations they can boast are carved wooden heads "of marvellous rudeness; a few are good enough to be grotesque, but others are things of which a Pacific Islander would be ashamed." Inside these objects of art there are comparatively fine cartonnages of cloth, covered with stucco, fitted to the size and shape of the body within. But in many graves—all before or about the time of Ptolemy Philadelphos—the cartonnage is made not of cloth, which was comparatively valuable, but of old strips of papyrus glued together, stuccoed, and painted. Later, economy, or carelessness, went further; and to our infinite good fortune at the present day, the papyri were no longer glued, but only soaked and plastered one on top of the other. All the papyri had writing upon them, for who would have wasted

clean notepaper on the cartonnage of a corpse? The glued strips are mostly quite destroyed—the process itself has injured the writing, and insects have destroyed the papyri in order to eat the glue. The others, which have merely been wetted, are still legible; and where a document has been used whole and applied to some comparatively broad and flat part of the body, it may be taken out not much the worse for its long burial.

The majority of the papyri thus found are Egyptian and Demotic, but there are also a good many Greek fragments of very high importance in themselves, and, of course, of unexampled antiquity. Some are to be edited by Professor Sayce. We are concerned at present with those which the Irish Academy has just issued with *fac-similes* under the able editorship of Dr. Mahaffy. These consist partly of classical texts, partly of legal documents and private letters. The most intrinsically interesting is a passage about a hundred lines long from the lost tragedy of Euripides, *Antiope*. It was one of the most celebrated and perhaps one of the most horrible of the works of that perverse genius. Antiope, the daughter of Nycteus, King of Beroea, is loved by Zeus; the king discovers his daughter's amour, utterly disbelieves her miraculous story, and is so overcome by shame, that, when she escapes, bearing the story abroad, he kills himself, leaving his crown to his brother Lycus and Lycus's wife, Dirce; and with the crown a dying charge to punish Antiope for the shame of their race. Lycus and Dirce capture Antiope, who has given birth to two sons, Amphion and Zethus, in the wilds of Mount Citheron. Apparently the king and queen keep Antiope in the palace for many years: at any rate, in the end they imprison her. She escapes, flies to Citheron, and seeks protection from two young shepherds whom she meets. Dirce pursues her; and the two lads decide that they are not justified in harbouring a fugitive slave of the queen's. They are just about to give her up, when the old shepherd, who had reared them as his sons, makes his appearance. He recognises Antiope; and reveals that the two lads are her sons, and not his: they are Amphion and Zethus. Hereupon all is changed; the lads protect their mother, and with a strange Euripidean savagery, seize Dirce and tie her to the horns of a wild bull. Then comes the news that Lycus himself is approaching, to receive his fugitive slave. Here Mr. Petrie's fragment begins: it shows how the old shepherd persuades Lycus to leave his body-guard, and entraps him into a hut. He waits there, alone and increasingly suspicious, for the two young men who are to hand over Antiope. At last they come in a mysterious and threatening mood, not bringing the fugitive. The king fears that he may be in a trap. He calls for his body-guard, but they are out of earshot: for the old peasants who have shown him the way, but they refuse to help. The young men bid him prepare for death: his wife is already dead. "Dead! My wife! How?" "Torn in pieces by a mad bull!" "Who did the deed?" "We did it." "You? in God's name, who are you?" "You can soon learn that among the dead!" Here enters Hermes *ex machina*: he bids the lads spare Lycus's life, and proceeds, in Euripidean wise, to reward them for their hideous murder, by making them joint kings of Beroea. The gods are on their side: that is enough. Zeus has brought their mother to misery and shame by his lust; he has left Lycus and Dirce to fulfil, in ignorance of the truth, the dying behest of the old king. He never helps; he only avenges; and avenges savagely both real crimes and faults of ignorance. Perhaps the play was meant for a direct attack upon the old Olympian religion, such as we have in the *Ion*, the *Bacchae*, and the *Hippolytus*: though there may be also a spicie of anti-Bœotian spite, which gratifies itself by drawing such hideous picture of the hero-saints of Thebes.

The next in importance of the classical fragments is an extract of many columns from Plato's "Phædo."

It is not of course new; nor can we even say that the text is definitely better than that of our best MSS. It is true the earliest MS. of the *Phaedo* hitherto known, dates, if we mistake not, from the tenth century after Christ. This papyrus is probably the oldest Greek MS. in existence, and dates from the third, or possibly even the fourth, century before Christ. The difference is gigantic; but it does not follow that the earlier MS. is necessarily the better. We know from direct statements in ancient writers that MSS. were carelessly kept, and that the works of the great Attic authors were already greatly corrupted two generations after their deaths. The period of production in literature was only gradually succeeded by a period of close study and earnest criticism; and a MS. dating just after Aristarchus would certainly be in general far nearer the truth than one which was a generation older. Now all these MSS. are older than Aristarchus. Besides the "Phaedo," there is a fragment of Homer, a fragment of a comedy of the new Attic school, an unknown piece of rhetorical composition, half a leaf of a book of "Elegant Extracts," with a mutilated gnome of Epicharmus, and a few lines of a "Contest of Homer and Hesiod," which Dr. Mahaffy has cleverly attributed to Alkidamas. Some of these are of course entirely new; others, though they only give a new text of a work already known, suggest very important critical questions. The "Phaedo," for instance, differs from our best texts in many places—in two or three, scholars will rejoice to see, it has confirmed conjectural emendations. Mostly, we should say, its text is less pointed and less forcible than that of the MS. tradition.

A curious question arises about the Homer fragment. It comes from Iliad xi.; but in the thirty-five lines preserved we find five which do not occur in any known text; and one which we know from the Venetian Scholia to have been suspected by Aristarchus, and "not even written" by Zenodotus. This very curious discovery confirms what Wolf conjectured in his "Prolegomena ad Homerum" a hundred years ago: that before the age of Alexandrian criticism the text of Homer was in a vague and fluctuating state; dozens of lines could be interpolated or cut out without anyone much caring. It is sad, too, to think that F. A. Paley has died just too soon to hear of such a striking confirmation, in part, of the unpopular theory of Homer which he held all through his life.

But we must not neglect the other papyri of the publication, the documents of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Euergetes. They are mostly wills, the wills of soldiers settled upon the land in the district of Arsinoe. Most of them were Greeks, some were Carians or Lycians; one was a Libyan: none, if we remember aright, were native Egyptians. We take one instance: "Thus arranges Peisias the Lycian, holder of one of the allotments distributed in the districts Arsinoe, crook-backed, middle-sized, long-faced: With clear intention and sound mind: May I in health administer my own property, but if I suffer anything human, I leave of my possessions such as are in Alexandria to my son Pisicerates, both my establishment and my belongings there; also Denys and Eutychus, the Libyan slaves, and Bisilas (?) and her daughter Irene. I leave to my wife Lycis, my horse and the Syrian Ibysia (?) and my house in the village of Bubastus. But my farming-plant in the village Bubastus I leave in common to Pisicerates [and Lycis?]." Here follows a curious but much mutilated passage, which we patch up as best we can: "All the chattels that Axiota brought in [—]s dowry are to be returned to her: Pisicerates is to have no share in them; if any are broken or the worse for wear, Pisicerates is to make compensation as follows: For a coat [—] so much; a woman's garment and a summer cloak, 6 drachmas; a man's tunic, 10 dr.; items, a man's tunic, 10 dr. [?]; new summer cloak, 32 dr.; a 'simplex,' 8 dr.; a brass [—], 1 dr.; a brass hand-cooler, 6 dr.; lady's shoes, —." Here, unfortunately, the price is not given, so

we must remain for ever in doubt how much Axiota, whoever she was, got paid for the wear of her "lady's shoes." That Axiota was a person well able to take care of herself we may suspect from this will alone; but she appears also in another, where "Aphrodios of Heraclea, accidentally residing here, being eighty years of age, short, eagle-nosed, bright-eyed, curly-haired," though, unfortunately, "rather bald over the ears; of fixed intent and sound mind, leaves all his possessions, without exception, to Axiota the Thracian, daughter of Dizulus; and nothing to anybody besides"!

We need not say that the fragments are edited carefully and skillfully. Many eminent scholars have helped Dr. Mahaffy; some whose names we hoped to see have apparently not been asked to co-operate. The editor's success in the difficult task of dating his documents calls for special praise from scholars; and his paleographical commentary is sober and highly valuable. Egyptian explorers have already given us the new Aristotle: now we have these papyri, the earliest MSS. in the world. And lastly, from the same source, Mr. Kenyon and Dr. Rutherford have just given us two separate editions of the hitherto all but unknown mime-writer, whom one editor calls Herodas and the other Herondas, and who has disappointed the world in general by being four centuries "later" than scholars had supposed.

HEINE IN ENGLISH.

THE WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE. Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland. Vol. I: Florantine Nights, The Memoirs of Herr von Schirthelewopski, The Rabbi of Bacharach, Shakespeare's Maidens and Women. London: Heinemann. 1891.

MR. HEINEMANN's enterprise of placing an absolutely complete translation of Heine's writings before the British people is one of the boldest ever undertaken by a publisher. Not only are these writings of extensive compass, but they are of the most miscellaneous character; and though all are valuable, and almost all pure literature of the best description, some are not especially adapted to the taste of the average British public, and some are not thus adapted in any way whatever. Some portion are chiefly of local interest, and this interest is sometimes so dependent upon merely contemporary affairs as to have become more or less obsolete even in its own locality. A good part of the prose requires a better knowledge of German philosophies and the Continental politics of the inter-revolutionary era than an Englishman can be fairly expected to possess; and although, as observed in the preface, this tends to educate the ignorant reader, it also tends to rebut the reader for amusement. Of the extreme difficulty of rendering Heine adequately it is needless to say anything. After all this formidable catalogue of difficulties, we must persist in repeating that they should exist only to be overcome, and that it will be no credit to the British public if Mr. Heinemann's enterprise fails to meet with sufficient support. With all the faults which it would be superfluous to enumerate, Heine is one of the great representative minds of the century; not so much in virtue of his genius as of his especial relation to the Revolution. He did in the sphere of intellect what Napoleon before him had done in the sphere of government: breaking up incrustations of prejudice, letting light into dark places, sweeping away rubbish, liberating the long imprisoned human spirit, giving articulate and permanent literary expression to the impulses which under Napoleon were principally expressed in bombs and bullets. If he was rather a destroyer than a constructor if he left no Code Napoleon behind him he is at all events exempt from Napoleon's stain of unprincipled selfishness. Vain and sometimes vulgar as he was, frequently as he prostituted his literary gifts to the wreaking of petty malice, he in the main believed what he

wrote, and felt himself to be what he defined himself, a champion in the war of humanity, "a Knight of the Holy Spirit." With all their grievous defects, his writings as a whole embody the fair and gracious humanity of the classics and the Renaissance, in contrast with the antisocial spirit of mediæval times.

This is particularly apparent in the finest of the pieces included in the present volume, "The Rabbi of Bacharach," an impassioned protest against the savage spirit of persecution for race's or religion's sake, set in a frame of glowing mediæval colour. But for the outbreaks of Heine's peculiar humour, it might have been an episode in the adventures of Rebecca and Isaac of York; and certainly Scott would not have disowned either the gorgeous writing or the lively delineation of character. The poetical side of Jewish life and tradition, however, is brought out in a manner beyond the reach of anyone not of Jewish birth. It is only to be regretted that it remains a splendid fragment. The criticisms on "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" display the insight of poet into poet, and are a valuable addition to the body of Shakespearian criticism. They derive, moreover, great additional interest from the writer's frequent excursions into contemporary themes near to his heart, such as his remarks on the persecution of the Jews (incorrect in some respects, as Mr. Leland points out), when he speaks of Jessica; and his critique on Victor Hugo: "A dead Elizabethan poet, who has risen from his grave to write posthumous works in a time and country where he will be safe from competition with the great William." His severe treatment of the English critics of Shakespeare rests on forgetfulness that this criticism belongs to the eighteenth century, and embodies the almost universal spirit of that period; that German criticism would have been exactly the same sort of thing if it had existed prior to the advent of so exceptional a genius as Lessing; and that, when Heine wrote (1839), the pedantic style of commentary which he ridicules was as thoroughly exploded in England as on the Continent. Five years sooner, indeed, England had lost a critic more richly endowed with insight than even Lessing; but Coleridge's utterances were so desultory that they may well have failed to reach Heine. His remarks on Schlegel and Tieck, his adversaries, but whose merits as critics and translators he could not ignore, are a pattern of his peculiar power of fusing warm appreciation with malicious detraction until one seems entirely pervaded by the other. In the case of Tieck, indeed, he is paying off an old score, being still smarting from the chastisement he had received in one of the most fanciful of Tieck's novelettes, "The Old Book," where he appears as a peculiarly ill-conditioned Kobold.

The extreme difficulty of translating Heine is, as we have remarked, universally acknowledged. It is also universally acknowledged that no translator has hitherto grappled with it so ably as Mr. Leland, whether in prose or verse. The author of "Hans Breitmann" is a kindred spirit, and no spirit of another sort could deal with Heine's *esprit*. The grand desideratum is not verbal accuracy, but the reproduction of the sunny brightness and fairy lightness of the original, its sinuous evasions, faun-like sprightliness dashed with faun-like sensuousness, and ringing peals of elvish laughter. Mr. Leland is fully equal to this most difficult of undertakings. We think, however, that Mr. Leland is now and then somewhat too anxiously literal. It seems, for instance, needless to translate *Blutbad* by "bath of blood," or *lassl* by "lets." The literal rendering of *Deismus* by "Deism" (p. 163), though correct, actually misrepresents Heine's meaning to the English reader. "Theism" should have been used. If *Roche* (p. 129) means a ray, it cannot also mean a roach; *skate* would have been the right word. Finally, it will be well to give in future volumes the date of the composition of each book.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICS. By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. SIDGWICK is to be congratulated on the successful completion of a task to which he must have devoted an enormous amount of labour: labour well bestowed, for the volume constitutes a most valuable contribution to the study of politics. The subject is dealt with in an attractive way, and the book is throughout written in an easy, pleasant, and simple style, with a happy avoidance of those technical terms so dear, as a rule, to the sociologist and political economist.

The object of the work is to set forth in a systematic manner the general ideas and principles which are used in ordinary political reasonings: to endeavour, in a word, to determine, in the constitution and action of government, what, in the abstract, ought to be, as distinct from what is or has been. Such discussion is unquestionably of value. But, after all, especially in politics, abstract principles do not, as a matter of fact, to any large extent govern concrete action. And one always feels, after studying a book such as the one now before us, that as regards this work-a-day world one is not much "forrader" — that, in fine, Elements and Principles are almost too bright and good for human nature's daily food.

"The word politics," said Mr. Pickwick, "comprises, in itself, a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude." This masterly definition has, perhaps, sufficed us hitherto. Mr. Sidgwick has now amplified it. Politics, according to him, deals with "governed societies regarded as possessing government," thus having a narrower scope than Sociology, which "deals with human societies generally." The magnitude of the study of politics may be gathered from a short summary of the contents of the volume under review. It is divided into two parts, the one relating to the Functions, the other to the Structure and Constitution of Government. The first part deals with the principles of legislation, and comprises the scope, method, and fundamental conception of politics. The questions of Property, of Contract, of Inheritance, the remedies for wrongs, and the prevention of mischief, are discussed. Individualism and Socialism are defined and compared: as well as the tendency to "paternal" interference and governmental encroachment. The Area of Government and the Maintenance of Government find a place; and, finally, the whole question of International Law, foreign policy, and the regulation of war, are carefully reviewed. The second part deals with the Methods and Instruments of Government; with Sovereignty and Order; with Federal States and Local Government; with the Legislature and Executive, their relation to one another, and the control of the people over both; with Party and Party Government. These manifold questions are all treated, but we must confine our remarks to two points only.

Mr. Sidgwick deals at some length with the question of Individualism *versus* Socialism, or, as he prefers to call it, "Socialistic interference," applying the term "Socialism" simply, and as we think without justification, to the question of altering the distribution of wealth by benefiting the poor at the expense of the rich. It is unfortunate that there is as yet no authoritative definition of Socialism—each man defines it as his deliberate judgment or his preconceived animus directs. The "substitution of common for private ownership, governmental for private management of the instruments of production in all important departments of industry," may be said, from one point of view, to express the extreme aim of Socialists. The extreme aim of the Individualist is thus defined:—

"That Government should leave the terms of positive social co-operation to be settled by private agreement among the persons co-operating—in short, that what one same adult is legally compelled to render to others should be merely the negative service of non-interference, except so far as he has voluntarily undertaken to render

positive services; provided that we include in the notion of non-interference the obligation of remedying or compensating for mischief intentionally or carelessly caused by his acts, or preventing mischief that would otherwise result from some previous act."

Le laissez faire with the chill off! Of the principle of *laissez faire* itself scarcely a trace now remains in practical politics; and Mr. Sidgwick himself has to speak of the "Individualistic minimum" of primary governmental interference with sane adults; and which comprises "(1) The Right of personal security, including security to health and reputation; (2) the Right of private property; and (3) the Right to fulfilment of contracts freely entered into."

From this to "Indirectly Individualistic legislation," on to "Paternal interference," and up to "Socialistic legislation," there is no definite or defined halting-place. The extreme Individualist is, indeed, apt to forget that the individual is also a member of the community; the extreme Socialist, that the community is composed of individuals. At the same time, Individualists are Socialistic in many of their views; and Socialists are Individualists in the sense that their object, like that of their opponents, is to bring out the best in the largest number of persons.

We venture to think that in his chapter on "Socialistic Interference" Mr. Sidgwick has not sufficiently appreciated, not only what has already been done politically in the direction of Socialism, but also the Socialistic tendency of latter-day politics. The abstract—and, indeed, the concrete—line of governmental interference used to be drawn at what Mr. Sidgwick happily calls the "sane adult." That line has, long ago, at point after point, been overstepped; and already men listen with some degree of impatience to arguments based upon this ground.

A considerable portion of the second part of the book is devoted to the discussion of the advantages and disadvantages—always from the abstract point of view—of a system of party government. Mr. Sidgwick dwells much on the inevitable "instability and inexperience" of Ministers under this system. The inequalities in emolument and dignity are instanced as hampering the proper distribution of Ministerial offices: the necessity of re-election in the case of most important offices might also have been instanced. But neither of these two drawbacks is essential, or even incidental, to party government. The former could, and indeed should, disappear by the equalisation of the salaries of all Cabinet Ministers and heads of Departments: the latter is an anachronism which only our innate conservative instincts could cause us so long to tolerate. "Hence," however, argues Mr. Sidgwick—surely with immense exaggeration—

"the heads of Departments, especially where there are rapid changes of Ministry, are liable to be persons who are not really qualified for managing, and, if well advised, do not attempt to manage, the business of their Departments. And thus it may be said that the English Constitutional Monarchy results, not only in one sham, but a complete system of shams: we have not only a ruler who merely pretends to rule, but also Ministers who merely pretend to administer."

But, as its opponents are forced sorrowfully to admit, the system of party government is too deeply rooted in this country to be destroyed by treatises: they are forced to content themselves with suggestions for mitigating the evil. Mr. Sidgwick has his own suggestions. First he proposes that on certain important questions not closely connected with the business of the Executive Departments—*i.e.*, "in the department of private law" (whatever that may mean)—the preparation of legislation should be entrusted to Parliamentary Committees other than the Executive Committee. But this—in England at least—is already extensively done through the agency of Private Bill Committees, Select Committees, Grand Committees, and even Royal Commissions. Further, he proposes—an impossible plan—that in the case of certain Departments, unnamed, the Head should be an individual who should not be expected

to retire with his colleagues when the latter were defeated on some general question, but only when the question at issue was one relating to the administration of his own Department. Again, it is suggested that it might be

"the established custom for Ministers not to resign office because the legislative measures proposed by them were defeated—unless the need of those measures was regarded by them as so urgent that they could not conscientiously carry on the administration of public affairs without them—but only to resign when a formal vote of want of confidence was carried against them in the House of Representatives."

One has but to cast one's mind back to the latter days of the Melbourne Ministry, or to recollect Disraeli's bitterness of soul at the humiliating position of the Tory Government of 1867 and 1868, to appreciate that the proposal, if adopted, would tend rather to the debasement than to the improvement of the system of party government.

Finally for we need not seriously discuss the question of a "change in current morality," as affecting the principle or practice of party government—the adoption of the "Referendum" is suggested, with the object of reducing "the danger that a minority, concentrating its energies on narrow political aims, may force through legislation not really approved by a majority of the assembly that adopts it." For this last proposal—especially if the appeal to the popular judgment could be utilised, without recourse to a dissolution, to put an end to a dispute or a deadlock between Lords and Commons—there is very much to be said. Indeed, there is much likelihood that it may some time or other be adopted in a modified form.

"HUMAN MARRIAGE."

THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE. By Edward Westermarck. Lecturer on Sociology at the University of Finland, Helsinki, London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

It is as well not to have too much unanimity among men of science, especially on problems which are obscure and intricate and want a great deal of threshing out. A little heresy is always welcome, as it tends to prevent premature sleepy acquiescence. Mr. Westermarck seems to be more than a little heretical on a subject concerning which there has prevailed for the last twenty years a remarkable consensus of opinion among our leading anthropologists. They have not accepted all the conclusions of the late J. F. McLennan's epoch-making book on "Primitive Marriage"; there has been not a little lively sparring on minor points and on points that some of the disputants do not consider minor; but it has been generally agreed that there was a time in the history of man when marriage, in the civilised sense of the word, was unknown. Thus far, at least, Darwin, Spencer, Lubbock, and Tylor, are at one; and they are in substantial accord also that what is known as the maternal or matriarchal system, in which the mother is the most important member of the union, is more archaic than the paternal or patriarchal.

But now this approximate unanimity is disturbed by Mr. Westermarck, who has certainly clothed himself with a very imposing armour of ethnographical facts before entering the lists with his challenge to established authorities. And in truth he contradicts much less than he would have us believe. His contradictions for the most part are more nominal than real. Mr. Westermarck revels in facts to such a degree that it is not always easy to see the precise point of the theories which they are intended to support or contradict. When he pelts the hypothesis of promiscuity with his facts, and when he maintains that monogamous marriage was the primitive state, it is not quite clear that he uses words in the same sense with those whose conclusions he assails. He is man of science enough to know that he must define his terms, but he is controversialist enough to assume that other writers use them in the same sense with himself.

What does "marriage" mean? Mr. Westermarek answers very definitely that by marriage he means "a more or less durable connection between male and female, lasting beyond the mere act of propagation till after the birth of the offspring," and it is marriage in this sense that he believes to be "an inheritance from some ape-like progenitor" and to have prevailed among mankind in one form or another from the very beginning of the species. But is this the sense in which anthropologists use the word when they speak of a prehistoric time when marriage was probably unknown, and the relations between the sexes were more or less unregulated and promiscuous? By no means; they understand by marriage such a stable union as exists among civilised peoples. And Mr. Westermarek is, after all, not so very much out of accord with accepted opinion, seeing that he admits that "as a general rule, human marriage is not necessarily contracted for life, and among most uncivilised and many advanced peoples, a man may divorce his wife whenever he likes," and that "though monogamy frequently co-exists with great stability of marriage, this is scarcely the case in the rudest condition of man." This is substantially the doctrine with which anthropologists within the last quarter of a century have made us familiar. And similarly when Mr. Westermarek challenges "the hypothesis of promiscuity," and devotes three elaborate chapters to prove that it is "essentially unscientific." The advocates of this hypothesis would probably admit most of what he alleges against it, because they mean one thing by monogamy or by promiscuity, and he means another.

If all that the heretic contends for is that it would be more convenient to use the word "marriage" in a wider sense, and the word "promiscuity" in a narrower sense, that is a question by itself, a question of nomenclature, and ought to be discussed as such. Only in that case the challenge of accepted opinion would be less startling. There is no such thing, he contends, as promiscuity. There never was any such primitive state. Very true: there probably never was what he uses the word to signify. But a huge array of facts and arguments to prove this is somewhat superfluous, seeing that the opposite has never been seriously maintained. Anthropologists have really busied themselves with less elementary questions, with the kinds and varieties of sexual union sanctioned by law and custom, the origin and history of these various modes of marriage, their relative antiquity, the development of one mode from another, and the possibility of tracing the stages through which men have passed in their progress upwards to higher civilisation.

With these questions, which are the questions proper to the science of the subject, if science means more than the mere collection of facts, Mr. Westermarek also occupies himself in a way, but that way is not the way either of the effective critic or the suggestive speculator. He deals with exogamy and endogamy, polyandry, female kinship, the significance of marriage ceremonies, and other theories which McLennan's fertile and original mind presented to anthropologists as working hypotheses. But it is in keeping with his manner of dealing with those theories that he shows no adequate appreciation of the services which McLennan rendered to this branch of scientific investigation. McLennan was really the pioneer and founder of it; and taking "Primitive Marriage" as a starting-point, it is easy to define the position and value of Mr. Westermarek's work, which is simply misclassified when it is described as a serious criticism of accepted theories or an important plea for a new hypothesis. He comes at the end of a quarter of a century of active thought and observation, which McLennan's work on "Primitive Marriage" set in motion, stimulated, and directed. He has read the literature of the subject thoroughly; he has made careful notes; and now he quotes on a systematic plan. Industrious noting and quoting is the sum of Mr. Westermarek's merits, and it results in a very curious and enter-

taining book. But with all its pretence to science, its championship of Natural Selection and Heredity, and its proud reliance on the Inductive Method, the book is, to use one of its author's favourite phrases, "essentially unscientific." To adapt a classification of Professor Tait's, it is not a work of scientific architecture, but a number of heaps of building materials, collected partly from the quarry, partly from earlier buildings.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

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3. *THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.* By Erasmus Dawson, M.B. Edited by Paul Devon. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
4. *THE MAN WITH A THUMB.* By W. C. Hudson. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.

THE eight character-sketches with which Mrs. Lynn Linton's volume commences are the weakest thing in a weak book. There are several ways in which it is possible to write character-sketches; one is to observe a character closely, to select the salient points, to bring out the shades that have hitherto been missed—in a word, to do very difficult work; another method is to make the name the summary of the character, to call one Silvertongue and another Crossgraine, and to fill up with cheap instances. This method, which is Mrs. Lynn Linton's, is not difficult; and yet the writing which is easiest is often the hardest to read, and what was pardonable in the great allegory may be irritating in sketches which intend to portray real life. Briefly, these eight sketches are obvious and inartistic, entirely deficient in power and insight. The essay which follows "Souls in Mufti" moralises on the fact, which is now generally known, that men and things are not always what they seem; it would be more pathetic and more original to describe for us the exact opposite—a clown, for instance, who in private life was really very like a clown. The next essay, "Courtship and Matrimony," deals with a subject on which Mrs. Lynn Linton's views are sufficiently familiar and commonplace. And then we have the stories—the regulation short stories that were turned out by this author and others before we learned what a work of art the short story might be. Even such a title as "Snowed up with a Burglar" seems to recall inferior Christmas annuals of ten years ago. To call a heroine a "naughty puss" is to say everything, no further analysis of character is required; give a woman in a book the quality of naughty-pussiness, and we know precisely what millions of other women in books she is going to be exactly like. We know also that her resemblance to any woman whatever in real life will be exceedingly slight and superficial. "Madame Dufour" is the sketch of a mystical lady who appeared in a little village. She seemed to be fairly wealthy and pious, so she made her way in the village society. She was a rival to Kate Hyslop for the love of Walter Drummond, who seems to have been in some ways deficient. So fierce was the rivalry that Kate Hyslop discovered Madame Dufour to be a forger, and had her removed. Subsequently Walter Drummond dies; Madame Dufour also dies; and wearsome conventionality, apparently, never dies, and never will die while there is one critic left for it to torture.

Far more original and distinct in quality is the story which gives the title to "Orlando Figgins." It is a study of the "ignobly decent." Orlando himself is not a brilliant hero. His good mother—good with an intensely sectarian goodness—completely dominated him during her lifetime; when she died, Orlando found himself almost past middle age, intensely respectable and dull. He lived with his sister, Rebecca, whose virtues were of the painful kind. In most ways he was weak and foolish, and unattractive; but he wanted love and sympathy; he was conscious how insipid and monotonous and

wasted his life had been. At the watch-night service at Zoar, Mr. Botheras alluded in prayer to those who had "just been called to suffer a heavy bereavement." Orlando's sister, Rebecca, burst into loud sobs. "Orlando, who at the moment could not have shed a tear to save his life, was yet enduring far acuter agony than Rebecca who wept because her mother was dead, whereas Orlando's heart was wrung because he had never really lived." There is no need to describe here how Orlando attempted to relieve his dulness by visiting a music-hall, or how he sought for love through the columns of the *Matrimonial Mercury*. There can be no question that in this story Mrs. Alfred Marks shows a fine appreciation of the significant and important; she makes a clever use of effective trivialities. "Orlando Figgins" shows insight and humour. It is not possible to speak so highly of the other stories in this volume. "Slump" is a clever solution of a cryptogram, but it has little human interest. The trail of the bad Christmas Annual is over the "Singular Adventure of Augustus Randolph." "Ground Up in His Own Mill" is too prolix; and "The Ghost in the Albany" is too impossible and defective in motive. But the last story in the book, "A Violin Story," contains some impressive and dramatic scenes.

"The Fountain of Youth" is one of those stories which must lie very heavily on the conscience of Mr. Rider Haggard and those who have been ill-advised enough to encourage the Romantic School. Anything short of real originality makes the adventure story more wearisome than any other form of literature; it stakes everything on invention; if invention fails, the book is lost. The supposed Dr. Dawson and his companions had no belief in the existence of any Fountain of Youth; but they went to the Island of Celebes in the Malay Archipelago, at the expense of the Duke of Malden, who was convinced—being demented—that the fountain was there. The explorers merely used the expedition for their own purposes—to discover where a certain metal called dianite could be obtained. Some samples of it had been shown them by a pretended missionary, and actual blackguard, called Scutcher, who had just returned from Celebes. He experimented with a sword made of dianite in the presence of Dawson and a friend. "Taking the sword between his finger and thumb, he gave a slight turn of his wrist and cut the poker in two as if it had been a candle." There are many other like wonders in the book, and many of them betray their birthplace; one sees what suggested them. The author seems to know much of the Malay Archipelago, and there is interesting information in the book. But he does not seem to know very much of human characters and motives. There is a sketch of a London County Councillor, Geach by name, which is farcical and is intended to be satirical. One always knows with writers of this calibre just when they are wanting to be satirical. There are no fine shades; all is obvious and easy.

"The Man with a Thumb" is a detective story, and claims in consequence to be considered as a puzzle rather than a literary achievement. It is an exceedingly ingenious puzzle. The early detective story had one mystery and one detective; in the process of evolution we got the detective story with two detectives to one mystery; in this volume we have gone a step further, and we have two mysteries inextricably linked with each other. In the case of a puzzle story it is dangerous to give the least hint of the plot. We can only say that the author of "The Man with a Thumb" at least succeeds in keeping his secret until he has fairly reached his climax. Coincidences are distributed very liberally, not to say extravagantly, throughout these pages; the god-like detective has all the best of the luck; the love-story is thin and uninteresting. But faults of this kind may be found in all detective fiction. In brief, as a puzzle, "The Man with a Thumb" is excellent. As a book it is rather lamentable.

ARISTOTLE'S POETICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

ARISTOTLE ON THE ART OF POETRY, a Lecture with Two Appendices. By A. O. Pritchard, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

THIS little book is in substance a lecture delivered to two Philosophical Clubs at the University of Glasgow. The subject does not offer much scope for originality, but Mr. Pritchard has accomplished satisfactorily the difficult task of bringing out into clear relief and explicit form the main theses of one of the most fragmentary and difficult of Aristotle's works, that poetry is essentially imitation of feeling—a thesis made possible by the attacks of Plato and, Mr. Pritchard says, of older writers, but the stories given by Plutarch, in which he relies, are obviously of very little value—and that its office is to tell the fictions by exciting them. The latter device, since Bernay's work, the accepted interpretation of the most difficult part of the *Poetics*, is, as Mr. Pritchard shows, anticipated by Twining and by Milton. Both text and notes contain plenty of illustrative matter, valuable alike to the classical scholar and the general reader; and there is an ingenious application of Aristotle's canons to the introduction of the *deus ex machina* in the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. This device probably displeases most readers; but, it is here argued, is so far from being cumbersome or unsatisfactory, that it, in fact, saves the close of the piece from sinking to the level of mere burlesque. In his defence of the naïve recognition scene in Eschylus' *Choephoroi*, the author is, we think, less successful. His hero will serve to make intelligible to English readers a work which is absolutely the first example of scientific literary criticism, and which, however simple and unfinished it may appear, is at least strictly scientific and philosophical—which is more than can be said for a good deal of later work, though professedly based on Aristotle.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S BOYLE LECTURES.

CHRIST AND CHRISTENDOM. The Boyle Lectures for 1866. Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, by E. H. Plumptre, D.D., late Dean of Wells. ("Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature.") London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

Not to Christians only is the name of Christ a name of power; not within the Church alone, but all round its outskirts and far into the outer world of unbeliever the life of Christ has had a fascination to call forth on either side the utmost efforts of criticism and literary skill. There is no more hopeful sign than the neglect of party shibboleths before the supreme question of the Person of the Lord. If the records of His life are substantially true, the old faith is vindicated; if they can be resolved into fable, their beauty will not prevent the old Gospel from going the way of all fables.

These are the thoughts which pervade the Boyle Lectures for 1866. They are neither a chronological account of our Lord's life, like Bishop Elliott's "Historical Lectures," nor a limited investigation of his teaching, like "Ecclesi Homi," but something between the two. Dean Plumptre's refined scholarship reminds us not a little of his elder contemporary at Oxford, Dean Church. Some of his statements may need modification to suit later discoveries, and some, again, to meet the changes of controversy; but his "Christ and Christendom" is still one of the most eloquent and suggestive Lives of Christ yet written.

The present reprint is enriched with notes (presumably by the author) which glance at the later phases of the contest to a recent date. The latest allusions are to the appearance of "Robert Elsmere" and the death of Mr. Aubrey Moore.

LAND TENURE IN JAPAN.

NOTES ON LAND TENURE AND LOCAL INSTITUTIONS IN OLD JAPAN. Edited, from posthumous papers of Dr. D. B. Simmons, by John H. Wigmore. Published by the Asiatic Society of Japan.

DURING his twenty-five years' residence in Japan the late Dr. Simmons collected a mass of information about the land tenure and local institutions of Old Japan. His notes, which were left in a fragmentary condition, have been carefully edited by Mr. John H. Wigmore, and published by the Asiatic Society of Japan. They are of great interest and value for two reasons: first, because they describe a state of things which, since the great revolution of 1871, is rapidly being forgotten—"Already," remarks Dr. Simmons, "there is a younger generation ignorant of most of the customs characteristic of the feudal and rural life of Old Japan"—and, secondly, because they illustrate a parallelism between institutions with wholly independent historical origins. The Japanese *muromachi* answers roughly to the Indian village and the Western manor, and the points of resemblance and difference are very suggestive and instructive. The curious *gen'ya-ya* system, under which every five families were united as a *kyō* or company, reminds one of the frith-guilds of the West; whilst the justice administered by the five heads of each group must have been not unlike that dispensed by the Indian *panchayat*. We are glad to see that the Asiatic Society of Japan are taking active steps to form and maintain a record of the old customary institutions of the country, and have circulated a useful set of queries on Japanese land tenures.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

QUITE one of the best books of the kind which we have recently encountered is Mr. Huine Nisbet's "Lessons in Art"—a little volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages, filled with sound and practical advice and charmingly illustrated. Mr. Nisbet is well known now both as artist and author, but for a considerable term of years he had to submit to the drudgery of teaching his own profession at the Old School of Arts, Edinburgh. In these pages he explains in a singularly lucid manner the necessary rules and laws of drawing and painting, and if young students are sensible enough to follow his advice we predict other things being equal—that they will learn with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble, the rudiments of their art. The earlier chapters are concerned with the rules of perspective and other technical points which confront the beginner in his first attempts at drawing. Afterwards Mr. Nisbet does his best to explain the mysteries of painting in water and oil colours, and this part of his book is prefaced by some interesting personal reminiscences of his own art training. The concluding pages are filled with a variety of hints on general art, and on different methods of painting. Whilst Mr. Nisbet thinks it of the utmost value to a young artist to spend two or three years in copying in the public galleries at home and abroad, we are glad to find that he protests with much vigour against the notion that it is desirable for the student to transfer to his own canvas the whole of any famous picture: "Take the most excellent portions of each particular master, for you may depend upon it that no single master is perfection all through, but must have some weak portions throughout a large composition; therefore, as the student does not want to learn the weakness but only the strength of the master, it is useful for him to make selections, otherwise a great deal of his time will be wasted on useless copying." It is because Mr. Huine Nisbet has recalled his own student days and tried to explain to others the difficulties which then beset himself, and has, moreover, remembered the daily questions which each new pupil repeated during the period of his own experience as an art teacher, that this little book possesses distinct merit, and that of a kind which is never too common in popular manuals.

The reading public were favoured not long ago with a volume of jaunty epistles addressed by one of the crowd to contemporary authors of more or less established renown. The idea was impertinent, but inviting, and the latter circumstance, we presume, accounts for the prompt appearance of a companion volume—this time by a purveyor of advice gratis who conceals his identity—consisting of "Letters to Living Artists." We have seen callow youths standing in the middle of a circus-ring cracking noisily a whip that was much too big for them, whilst a string of highly-trained horses were put through their paces, to the accompaniment of alternate shouts of encouragement or scorn from the stripling who was posing as master of the revolts. In reading this volume, we have been irresistibly reminded of that scene, for the crack of the whip is in these pages, and Leighton, Millais, Alma Tadema, Stacy Marks, Burne Jones, and two or three others, are briskly trotted round the arena to the evident satisfaction of the unknown man in the centre of the show. When praise is dispensed, it is ladled out handsomely, and we hope that Mr. Watts, for one, is duly grateful. The letter to Mr. Alma Tadema is fearfully and wonderfully made, but it hardly lives up in point of expression to the level of the ecstatic outburst with which it begins, which is written thuswise: "Greeting—O most noble artman! To you would I fain address myself in the cadences of mellifluous Greek, or the sonorous periods of stately Latin." But even so noble a steed, in spite of his "classic" proportions, gets two or three sudden cuts with the whip. As for Mr. Du Maurier, we scarcely know whether to describe the treatment he receives as kindly or contemptuous, but whatever the prevailing note may be, we do not think we are very far wrong in asserting that it does not much matter. There are a few clever epigrams scattered through this book, and apart from the sneers or the snarks at his betters, which enter so largely into its composition, the author shows a measure of shrewd criticism in what we are bound to say is quite gratuitous, rather disappointing, and very self-conscious deliverance.

* LESSONS IN ART. By Huine Nisbet, author of "Life and Nature Studies," etc. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

LETTERS TO LIVING ARTISTS. London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street. 12mo.

PICTORIAL ASTRONOMY FOR GENERAL READERS. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., Author of "A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," etc. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co., Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo.

AT ODD MOMENTS. Extracts collected and arranged by Ghita M. A. Hornby. London: Elliot Stock, 12mo. (1s.)

ARCADIAN LIFE. By S. S. Buckman, F.G.S., author of "John Parke's Sojourn in the Cotswolds," etc. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

WALKS IN EPPING FOREST. A Handbook to the Forest Paths, with Cycling and Driving Routes. By Percy Lindley. Illustrated. Oblong. Paper boards. London: 123, Fleet Street, E.C.

The new volume of Whittaker's Library of Popular Science is "Pictorial Astronomy," by Mr. George F. Chambers, a well-known authority on the subject. Although a good many elementary handbooks to the science have been published within recent years, there was quite room for a popular exposition of the solar system, the planets, and the various constellations, written with the clearness, knowledge, and accuracy of this attractive treatise. In less than three hundred pages, Mr. Chambers contrives not merely to give a summary of the science, but also to present in outline a record of the progress of astronomical research. The book likewise contains a catalogue of celestial objects which come within the range of small telescopes, and other useful tables for the guidance of young students.

The Bishop of Argyle contributes a brief preface to Miss Hornby's collection of aphorisms and snatches of verse, in which he says: "This little book is intended to provide its readers with a few words of wisdom or piety for each day in the year." The volume is intended to be taken up "at odd moments," and the range of selection is wide and representative. A few names taken almost at random will show the scope of the selection—Augustine, Milton, Pope, Emerson, Keble, Baldwin Brown, Carlyle, Amiel, Liddon, and, marvellous to relate, Prince Bismarck. These are a few of the more distinguished names, but a good many others who are quoted are of little reputation. We have met with many better books of the kind than this, and a few worse.

"Arcadian Life" is the title of another small book descriptive of rural England and its village communities. We have not been able to discover anything more remarkable in these sketches of places and people far from the madding crowd beyond an occasional gleam of humour. Mr. Buckman discusses pleasantly enough the occupations of the people, things matrimonial, public-houses and post-offices as centres of rural life, and the periodical incursions into Arcadia of the more sophisticated inhabitants of Urbania. Evidently the author of this book knows the kind of life he describes tolerably well, and now and then he contrives to brighten his narrative with snatches of conversation which are droll and shrewd and racy of the soil. Sometimes at the village post office it is possible for the wayfaring man to obtain, in the comparative privacy of the back-parlour, a modest repast. Indeed, Mr. Buckman assures us that ninepence is all that is needed in such surroundings to obtain what he describes as luxuries. Here are his own words for it:—"You will get tea, bread and butter, and two eggs, a list of the old woman's ailments, a catalogue of her grievances, a wail against the pay of the Post Office, and the general gossip of the neighbourhood." For our own part, we are bound to say that we should consider ninepence well bestowed to escape, at all events, the ailments, the grievances, and the wail, to say nothing of the general gossip. The book is, however, disfigured by ungenerous statements, and the author lets both himself and his subject down by cheap sneers.

We have had occasion before to say a good word for Mr. Percy Lindley's cheap, readable, and artistic guide books. The latest of the set, "Walks in Epping Forest," worthily maintains the reputation which its predecessors have won. It is provided with many illustrations and a good map, and we know of no better or more portable volume on the subject. It is written from intimate knowledge, and with just enough enthusiasm for the leafy glades which lie around Chigwell and High Beech. Just fifty years ago—alas, how time flies!—Charles Dickens was writing "Barnaby Rudge," and here is a note which he dashed off to his faithful chum, John Forster: "Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world. Name your day for going. Such a delicious old inn, facing the church, such a lovely ride, such forest scenery, such an out-of-the-way rural place, such a sexton! I say again—Name your day." The Chigwell which charmed Dickens has changed surprisingly little since 1841. The church, the inn, the quaint wooden cottages on the side of the hill, the shady road which leads the pedestrian back to the den of London are the same. There is no railway station, and the calm of the country still lingers, though broken at times by the noisy incursions of 'Arry and 'Arriet out for the day and on pleasure bent.

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